

LESLIE'S WEEKLY

ILLUSTRATED

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THE COLLAPSE OF HARVARD'S CREW AFTER PASSING THE LINE, WITH STROKE BOARDMAN IN BOTTOM OF BOAT.



F. A. BRIGGS, STROKE OF CORNELL.



THE CORNELL STROKE AT THE CATCH.



THE CORNELL STROKE AT THE FINISH.

CORNELL'S GREAT VICTORIES.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY J. C. HEMMENT.

Cornell's crack university crew, at Poughkeepsie, last Friday, defeated Columbia and Pennsylvania, thus rounding out her triumph over Yale and Harvard the week before. In the last race Columbia was left ten lengths behind by the victorious Ithacans, while Pennsylvania swamped in the rough water and stopped rowing when little more than half-way over the course.

LESLIE'S WEEKLY.

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The Adjournment of Congress.

WHEN this paper reaches its readers, and if Congress keep true to the promise of the leaders, the legislative branch of the government will have adopted a tariff and will have adjourned till next December. If realization be the reward of hope, then the members of Congress will be able to read these words at their several homes. And if, when reading, they could also be persuaded that for the two houses of Congress to be out of session is a great relief to their constituents, then they will have learned a better and more wholesome lesson than any taught by any of the orators in either of the houses.

The business men have been waiting with a painful patience for Congress to do what it intended to do, so that they might enter into contracts and put in operation plans which, in unsettled and unstable times, were unjustifiable. Capital is very easily frightened, and the capitalists hold to the truth of the adage that a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush. No influence is so harmful to business briskness and general prosperity as that of the political agitator who wants to rewrite half the laws on the statute-books.

If Congress shall have adjourned when this paper is issued, as we hope and trust will be the case, to each member we wish as comfortable a summer as he deserves and as invigorating an autumn as he needs. But we do not hesitate to say that we wish that this period of rest from pottering with the laws could stretch into a full twelve months. If that could be, then, without pretensions to any gift of prophecy, we would not hesitate to say that there would be a healthy business revival like which the country has not had in many years.

The Plague in India.

IT was natural that the English papers should not want to cast a shadow over the recent jubilee ceremonies by printing the details of the plague in India. It has, in fact, been very hard to get at the truth, for the English papers are notoriously loyal to England's colonial policy, and they have not told all they know. As our news has come through English channels we have had almost as much reason to question it as we have the reports of Spanish victories in Cuba by way of Madrid. For these reasons the reports of Julian Hawthorne, the first American to make an investigation by a visit to the scenes of the plague, are of world-wide importance, and the story he tells surpasses all the horrible fears of the reading public.

We have heard only inklings of the real facts: The deaths have been not by thousands, but by millions. In one district eight millions of people have already died of starvation. How far the total will go, no human mind can speculate. When Great Britain got control of India the population was one hundred and fifty millions; it is now three hundred millions, and the English officers told Mr. Hawthorne that the country could not support them. The pictures, from photographs, printed in *LESLIE'S WEEKLY*, showing the natives starved to skeletons, are more than matched by the awful illustrations that accompany Mr. Hawthorne's article in the *Cosmopolitan*. They seem impossible in this age of progress and plenty, and the editor of the magazine asks why England should spend one hundred million dollars on a holiday and leave these people to starve. But Mr. Hawthorne gives full credit to the English authorities, and says they are doing all they can with the resources at hand, although the resources are deplorably inadequate. When the world knows more about this horror, surely more will be done to alleviate it.

The Rich and the Poor.

AFTER William Waldorf Astor took possession of Cliveden, the magnificent estate on the Thames, he closed the gates against the public, who had previously been allowed full permission to roam about the beautiful grounds. Whether this was temporary or not we do not know, but the writer distinctly recalls an excursion up the river about two years ago, when the destination was Cliveden. The party consisted, with the exception of three Americans of well-to-do English people, and when it was known that Mr. Astor would not allow them to enter the grounds of the estate the anger was great. Anarchists could hardly have been more bitter against the "impudence" of wealth. Recently, when the President was passing through the South, he was "permitted"—that was the word used—to visit Mr. Vanderbilt's estate.

Now in each case, and in hundreds of other cases, the legal

right was undeniable, and the fact that visitors might damage the property could excuse the action; and, furthermore, the admission that a man's house is his castle could be justly pleaded. But notwithstanding and nevertheless, the more of this sort of thing the rich man does, the more he increases the problems that the poor make for him, and the more he postpones that millennium of brotherly feeling which ought to be the ultimate end of human cultivation. Philanthropy may alleviate poverty, but it seldom makes manhood. Charity may satisfy a conscience, but it does not form character. The best way in the world to bring a person to your standard is to make him feel that he is already equal to you. Poverty has more pride than wealth, and when you harm its self-respect or try to fence it from its rights it makes trouble.

The English Stroke.

SINCE the great victory of Cornell over Yale and Harvard at Poughkeepsie we have heard a deal about the English stroke. Some Americans, more enthusiastic than discriminating, have declared that the stroke is quite inferior to the American, and that the victory of Cornell was an American victory. This, we think, is rather an unfair conclusion, because it is quite superficial and entirely one-sided. The truth of the whole matter seems to be about this—the English stroke is better for Englishmen, the American for Americans. This is taking for granted that the material in the three boats was about equal. If, as a matter of fact, Cornell was as much superior in material as some critics think, then very probably the Cornell crew under Lehmann or Cook would have defeated Harvard under Courtney. However valuable such speculations may be, there are facts which indicate that the theory we have advanced as to the special merits of each stroke is the true one.

The English universities are recruited from the English public schools. At these schools there is instruction in rowing, and from the very beginning of his career on the water an English lad is taught to use the same stroke as that practiced at the universities. This stroke becomes a kind of second nature to young Englishmen with a taste and a gift in rowing. And so they excel in it. They have become the most finished oarsmen in the world, and they have maintained their supremacy for many years. It is true that at Henley, now and again, crews from other countries have had successes, but it is also true that the English are the oarsmen of the world. This is not because the English are better men physically, or better all-round athletes, but it is because, on the water at least, they have better and longer training and are able to use a stroke different from that used in other parts of the world.

In America the conditions are very different. When a young fellow goes to Yale, or Harvard, or Cornell, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred he receives—if he take to rowing—the first instruction he ever had in his life. At some of the American preparatory schools there is rowing, it is true, but the preparatory schools supply only a small percentage of the American collegians. The American oarsman, therefore, is nearly always quite new to the business in his freshman year, and even as a senior it is difficult to look upon him as a very experienced veteran. For such as these, therefore, the stroke which gets as much out of the men with good results without quite disabling them, as several of the Harvard crew were disabled, seems to be the best to be used under present conditions in this country.

This is about all there is to this matter, and there does not seem to be much room for controversy. To say nasty things about Mr. Lehmann seems to us to be as silly as it is discourteous. Neither he nor the English stroke has been discredited by the result at Poughkeepsie. Indeed, we hope that Mr. Lehmann, who appears to be a most commendable sportsman, may find it possible to take charge of the next Harvard crew. Should this be possible, then we might have better data than that at hand upon which to base conclusions. But we are inclined most strongly to believe just now, for the reasons we have given, that the English stroke is better for the English and the American for the Americans.

The Family Patriotism.

THE motto for a virtuous man, as expressed by D'Alembert, was this: "I prefer my family to myself, my country to my family, and humanity to my country." The same thought has been put in other words, and in that as well as in the other the family occupied an inferior place in the scale of duty. But it seems that only philosophers, possibly with indigestion, or writers, with large dreams and liberal ink, can honestly get so far away from the fireside.

In this practical age a man's devotion to his family is taken as a criterion of his character and responsibility. If he wants credit at the bank the directors gravely inquire about his domestic relations. If he is running for office the voters want to know if he is faithful to his family, and it is an interesting fact that more than one prominent man in this country has been kept out of the Cabinet simply because his record towards his home was not satisfactory. The men who have aspired to be Governors and Congress-

men and Senators, and who have been turned down for the same reason, number not only dozens, but hundreds. In business the record is still more imposing, because business is more exacting than politics.

There is nothing more beautiful than the family patriotism. And there is nothing more useful. Where it exists morality lives, character is strong, clean thought thrives, and progress is made. The home is the nation, and its strength is the nation's safety.

The Young Suicide.

FROM the daily papers one would judge that we are passing through a period uncommonly prolific of young suicides. Several editors have printed philosophical explanations of these shocking developments, attributing them to all sorts of modern defects in education and training; but no one has yet suggested one cause which may lie at the bottom of more of these disasters than we think.

The young of the present day are not taught early and often enough that, in the tremendous competition of life as we now live it, they must not expect too confidently to become either rich or famous. They may try, and they must be systematically taught, to make the most of themselves and to do their best; but, though they may seem, in the eyes of partial parents and guardians, to be prodigies who are sure of surpassing all rivals, it is not wise to allow this hope to grow too spontaneously in their breasts. We are all too apt to see ourselves large; but even if we happen to be as remarkable as our fancy paints us, uncontrollable circumstances are likely to arise which tangle up our feet and paralyze our hands, and failure ensues.

A great deal used to be written about an old-fashioned virtue called content. Nowadays we are bidden to cultivate what is characterized as a "divine discontent," and in our scramble after this we have largely lost sight of its twin and perhaps its better. In fact, it has come to be taken for granted that all kinds of discontent are divine, instead of being, as we all know nine-tenths of them to be, fiendish.

Culture and religion alike counsel a calm philosophy. If these unhappy young people were only taught that their happiness depended, not upon wealth or fame, but upon a clear conscience and the steady performance of duty, there would be fewer suicides among them. The feverish excitement which demands a new sensation each week should be subdued. If parents would only take their own pleasure in simple and rational ways their children might do the same. The pace is set too fast by the elders.

Our young people are made to feel that too much is demanded of them. The most successful men of the age are held up to them as models, and they are told that there is no reason why pretty nearly every young fellow should not become quite as great. The pitfalls and stumbling-blocks, which are sure to occur, are scarcely mentioned. Of course the boy or girl is disappointed. If his nerves are out of order, as the boy's are sure to be if he smokes cigarettes and drinks beer or whisky, and the girl's are fairly sure to be if she wears corsets, a suicide is a possible outcome.

Who ever warns a boy or a girl against disappointment in love? To be sure, they can read the papers, and might learn lessons from the love-lorn swains who figure in those lurid pages. But young people do not get their wisdom in that way. They require a personal application of all maxims before they can be appreciated; yet probably not one parent in twenty thousand thinks to talk plainly and kindly to his children, from the age of fifteen and upward, concerning the flirts who infest society, as well as of the countless unforeseeable slips which may cause a broken heart.

Philosophy—otherwise content—can be taught. Everybody can acquire at least a smattering of it. One of our poets has written of the fountain which is "ceaseless aspiring, ceaseless content." That is a good motto to impress upon this intense and reckless generation.

The Poet Lariat.

BLOOD is thicker than water. We have heard this remark before, but it recurs to us as being specially apropos in this Victorian jubilee season, when the American poet lariat joins the poet laureate of Britain in singing a psalm to the Queen. Blood-good H. Cutter, of Long Island, the renowned poet lariat of Mark Twain's "Innocents Abroad," is the bard who has thus challenged the redoubtable Alfred Austin, and, in our perhaps biased judgment, beaten him on his own ground. He did it easily, too, judging from the report of the Brooklyn *Eagle's* commissioner, who found the Long Island farmer-poet "with his coat off, superintending the spreading of manure on his recently-cut wheat-field." Mr. Cutter, when asked for a few "pints," suspended his agricultural labors, and, sitting down on a cherry log in the farm-yard, recited his poem on the Queen's jubilee. It is too long to be reprinted here in extenso, but a few of its "pints" will suffice to show why it proved an extinguisher to Austin, who has been silent ever since:

"For London 'tis the grand event
Whereon have many millions spent.
In her youth, proved a noble one;
In the first act as Queen she done,

"When the bishop said the King was dead,
She asked him then, as has been said,
To assist her then by his prayers,
To direct her in state affairs.

"That's the great secret of her reign;
By that she did protection gain.
With ancient Jews it was the same
In many cases I might name.

"The noble Queen Victoria,
In meekness does her people sway;
For peace at home, for peace abroad,
Instead of conquest by the sword.

"She had a noble husband, too;
The righteous course he did pursue.
'Mong men he was a noble one,
For England, too, much good he done."

These stanzas compel admiration, not alone for the limpid purity of their sentiment, but for the technical qualities of the verse itself. To match these, it would be necessary to go back to the thousand-dollar prize "epic" of the New York *Herald's* great literary competition, a year or two ago.

The peroration of Mr. Cutter's poem is an impassioned outburst, embodying the sentiment quoted at the head of these remarks. It ought to set the two nations at peace forever, and make arbitration treaties a superfluity:

"So I can say, with a good will,
Old England! I do love you still!
No matter where in England roam,
It seems to me so much like home.

"Church and grand museums there,
For Americans a grand affair.
There the world wonders we can see,
So many did astonish me.

"There we can see grand works of art,
Much knowledge to us will impart,
Let England and America unite;
In all points they should both act right.

"With their good influence combined,
Change the nations to like mind,
That bloody wars should henceforth cease,
And nations live in perfect peace.

PEOPLE TALKED ABOUT

—MR. H. WALTER WEBB, third vice-president of the New York Central Railway Company, and chief of the operating



MR. H. WALTER WEBB.

department of the road, is as wide awake as he is far-sighted in the plans that he originates and approves. Recently, *LESLIE'S WEEKLY* suggested that the New York Central, the only trunk line which actually penetrates the metropolis, should follow the lead of the Long Island and the Pennsylvania roads, and establish a cheap-cab system. Directions have been given by Mr. Webb that the cabs be obtained and put in operation. Travelers coming to New York will be sure to appreciate these cheap cabs. From time immemorial, cabs in New York have only been possible for the rich; but cabs are a necessity for travelers, and in many instances hitherto travelers have paid more for a short ride over badly-paved streets in a badly-built cab than the railway journey itself cost. Now, however, those who arrive by three roads at least, or who wish to depart by any of these three roads, can have a cab for personal and luggage transportation at reasonable rates. Nothing in business pays better than finding out what the people need and want, and then giving it to them. Mr. Webb's quick response in meeting competition shows his wise enlightenment; this is probably also shown in another way, in that he reads *LESLIE'S WEEKLY* and knows good advice when he sees it.

—One day, during the administration of President Cleveland, there was a chance gathering in the office of the President of



MR. JAMES D. YEOMANS.

some prominent men, including Governor Matthews, of Indiana. The Indiana Governor was with some callers who were waiting for the President to close a conversation with a group of earlier visitors, when Governor Matthews stepped across the room to greet a man whom he supposed to be ex-Governor Gray, of his own State. He discovered his mistake before speaking, and was introduced to James D. Yeomans, of Iowa, Interstate Commerce Commissioner. Mr. Yeomans bears a very slight resemblance to the late Governor Gray—so slight that it ought not to have misled Governor Matthews. Governor Gray was dark and less comely than Commissioner Yeomans, and he was older and his hair and beard were whiter. Then the advantage of stature was with Mr. Yeomans. It has been the fate of the commissioner to resemble somebody else. When he has been on his trips about the country, attending to the business of the Interstate Commerce Commission, he has been often taken for George M. Pullman, to whom he bears a stronger resemblance than he does to Governor Gray. But Mr. Pullman has a white beard, while Commissioner Yeomans's beard persists in retaining its original light-brown

hue. Mr. Pullman is also much older than the commissioner. Upon his first appearance in New York as a member of the Interstate Commerce Commission Mr. Yeomans was compared, by some observant newspaper artist, as realizing the popular conception of "Uncle Sam." That comparison has stuck to him pretty well, but it has not entirely prevented him from being likened to another famous person created by a skillful actor. Many persons who have seen Mr. Crane in "The Senator," and have also seen Mr. Yeomans in his proper person, have assumed that the comedian must have "made up" the Senator after a study of Yeomans. In Washington this comparison is not deemed apt. Yeomans is a giant beside Crane, and it is doubtful whether Crane ever met him. Those who knew Senator Plumb, and had opportunity to become familiar with some of his nervous, energetic movements, find in Mr. Crane's Senator a close imitation of his gestures and actions. Mr. Yeomans does not fret under these often-suggested resemblances. He lives modestly at the Portland in Washington, when he is not traveling about the country, endeavoring to adjust railroad disputes; he has no dramatic tastes and no ambition to be an imitator of Governors or comedians, but a very laudable desire to contribute by his knowledge of general law, and particularly of the interstate-commerce law, to a better understanding between shippers and the railroads. He is about sixty years of age, and has still several years to serve as a Democratic member of the commission. The commission now consists of three Democrats and two Republicans. As the term of Commissioner Morrison will expire first, it is probable that his place will be filled, upon the expiration of his term, by a Republican appointee of President McKinley's, thus putting the political balance of the commission to the credit of the dominant party.

—The most effectively busy of contemporary English playwrights is Arthur Pinero. He commenced dramatic writing in



ARTHUR PINERO.

1881, and "The Magistrate" was his first comedy. Since that time he has given us a whole series of successful pieces. His latest, "The Princess and the Butterfly," is as fresh and fine as "Dandy Dick" and "Hobby Horse," that are nearer the beginning of the list. Mr. Pinero was born in London, in 1855. When he was nineteen he became an actor; but, developing marked talent as a dramatist, he left the stage after seven years' experience. Mr. Pinero now lives at Hamilton Terrace, in the northwest of London, and has a home filled with interesting mementoes of the theatre. He is genial and sociable, and his acquaintance with celebrated people is wide. He is a member of the Garrick and Beefsteak clubs of London, a golf enthusiast, plays cricket, and rides the bicycle. Mr. Pinero is a fine-looking man, with the actor-stamp on his face which comes of seven years of stage life; and he dresses in the perfect fashion—a fashion so perfect, indeed, that again the actor behind the foot-lights is suggested.

—The ex-Queen of Hawaii has left Washington for the summer, after a formal visit to the lobby of the Senate, and it is



THE EX-QUEEN OF HAWAII.

surmised that when Congress takes up the consideration of the annexation treaty again next winter she will be in readiness to make a forcible presentation of her personal interests in the matter. One report is that she is "paving the way for a claim for damages against this government unless she shall be provided for in any treaty or annexation law that may be enacted."

Senator Davis, chairman of the Committee on Foreign Relations, received a written request from the ex-Queen for a hearing during the recent consideration of the Hawaiian treaty, but the Senator denied the request, suggesting that the first step towards the recognition of her claims should come from the executive. The expatriated sovereign realizes that no move towards ratifying the treaty will be made before the reassembling of Congress in December, and she is content meanwhile to let things take their course, and go to a pleasanter place than Washington for the summer. Probably Mr. Palmer knows where the wild toadstool grows, for he is more expert as a micologist than as a diplomat, and will take her there.

—Raoul Pugno, who will visit America for the first time this coming season, enjoys a great reputation in Europe. He has



RAOUL PUGNO.

been professor of harmony in the Paris Conservatoire since 1894, and a frequent performer at the Colonne, Lamoureux, and other concerts. He made his debut at the age of six, studied at the Conservatoire, and when fourteen years old carried off the first prize for the piano-forte and took honors in composition, which he studied under Ambroise Thomas. Grieg has called him the "French Rubinstein." No less an authority than the composer, Widor,

says that Pugno's tone is musical, sympathetic, and charming, and that he never tries to drown the orchestra when playing with it, but "seems to discourse and talk with it." Pugno is very fond of Bach, Beethoven, and Schumann, and among the modern composers his favorites are Grieg and Saint-Saëns. He is also a good organist and a prolific composer. With the exception of a sonata in D minor, his works are for the most part of a light character. They include a suite of ten pieces, entitled "La Danseuse de Corde," a set of four romantic pieces, called "Les Soirs"; some ballet-music, and a vast amount of dance and drawing-room music. Raoul Pugno is a great friend of Hollman, the violoncellist, with whom he often plays in concerts, and of the violinist, Ysaye, with whom he has just been giving recitals in Paris. Pugno has prepared a large repertoire for his American tour, including twelve concertos of both classic and modern composers, and he will appear frequently with Ysaye, playing, among other works, the famous "Kreutzer" sonata of Beethoven.

—It has often been said by those who take a deep interest in municipal affairs that the best men do not engage in city politics. This, in a measure, may be true, but such a criticism



CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS, 2D.

can never be made of the Adamses of Quincy, Massachusetts, whose representatives have left their imprint on so many pages of American history. It was in the town meeting that the power in argument of the first John Adams was developed, and almost every one of his distinguished descendants have always found time to devote to local affairs in their own town of Quincy. When the Democrats of Quincy were looking for a candidate to nominate for mayor of their town two years ago, they took one of their own councilmen, Charles Francis Adams, Second—second really means third—and elected him by a good majority. Mr. Adams has just turned thirty, and recently was best man to Lars Andersen, when he married the great heiress, Miss Perkins. Mr. Adams was graduated from Harvard in 1888, and from the law school in 1892. In college he was prominent in social affairs, being the president of his class, first marshal on class day, and president of the Hasty Pudding Club. He has taken an active interest in the municipal affairs of his native town, and after serving satisfactorily as mayor in 1896 the people re-elected him last fall for another term.

—Now it is "Old Put's" turn to fall under the hammer of the iconoclast. Recently, in the New York *Sun*, General Dearborn was quoted as saying that General Israel Putnam "should have been shot for cowardice at Bunker Hill." Subsequently a correspondent of the same paper undertakes to prove, upon the statement of the late Henry B. Dawson, long the editor of the *Historical Magazine*, that the behavior of Putnam at Bunker Hill was the result of his being at the time in correspondence with General Gage, the commander of the British forces at Boston, with a view of eventually going over to the British.

—It has come to be an event of almost annual occurrence for Booker Washington, whose article on the Shaw memorial was a feature of a recent number of *LESLIE'S WEEKLY*, to make a trip to Boston to receive some official honor. Last year Harvard gave him a degree, which he repaid with a notable address, and this year he made the important speech at the Shaw memorial ceremonies. And almost at the moment that this fine negro's eloquence was echoing over Boston Common two men of his race, at the other extreme, were being lynched for their crimes! It is interesting to learn that the Tuskegee Normal and Industrial School, of which Mr. Washington is the moving spirit, is in a more flourishing condition than ever before, there being this year more than one thousand students on the rolls of the school—a really wonderful showing for an institution of learning only sixteen years old.



PUTTING PARIS GREEN ON POTATO PLANTS—OLD STYLE.



PUTTING PARIS GREEN ON POTATO PLANTS—NEW STYLE.



A HOME OF A TRUCK-FARM LABORER.



PICKING STRAWBERRIES.



GATHERING CABBAGES.



A YARN FROM THE COMMERCIAL NORTH.



PACKING VEGETABLES FOR MARKET.



PACKED TRUCK ON THE NORFOLK WHARF.

TRUCK FARMING NEAR NORFOLK.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JAMES F. WOOD, PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA.—[SEE ARTICLE ON PAGE 38.]



THE LUNCHEON HOUR ON THE LAWN.



BOOK-MAKER OUTSIDE THE PADDOCKS.



THE PADDOCKS IN FRONT OF THE GRAND-STAND.



THE GRAND-STAND.



ATTACK ON PRESIDENT FAURE ON HIS WAY TO LONGCHAMPS TO SEE THE GRAND-PRIX RACE.

THE GRAND PRIX DE PARIS AT LONGCHAMPS.

The great sporting event of the year in Paris is the race for the Grand Prix ; indeed, next to the English Derby, the Grand Prix has come to be held in higher esteem than any other race in the world. It has been won by one American—Mr. James R. Keene with Foxhall—and this is the proudest feather in this sportsman's cap, though he has carried off some of the highest English honors and many of the richest American prizes. The Grand Prix of 1897 will always be remembered, from the fact that the president of the French republic, on his way to the race-course at Longchamps, was assaulted by a madman with a bomb. He was not injured, so the day's festivities were not interrupted, but, on the contrary, they were enjoyed with all the greater zest because of this *souçon* of adventure. And to make this particular year's race more notable, it was won by an outsider, by Monsieur Arnoud's Doge, who started with the odds against him of twelve to one. Imagine the excitement of an excitable Frenchman who had backed this brown colt at such odds while the *Pari mutuel* pools were being paid ; and imagine, also, alas ! the sighs of those knowing ones who had placed their money on the favorite, Roxelane, only to see that fleet filly beaten by half a length. The French people, as a people, may not be much for sport, as we understand and love sport, but they are mighty gamblers, and love to take chances just as their brothers and sisters of other nationalities love to take them. The Grand Prix is notable in France for another reason—it marks the end of the Paris season. When this great gathering at Longchamps has dispersed, the minds of the fashionables are turned in quite other directions—to Trouville, Dieppe, Biarritz, Aix les Bains, and the hundred other summer resorts, while the boulevards and the Champs Elysées are mainly given up to the shop-keepers, who always stay in town to profit by the visits from English and American tourists, who wander about, each with pockets full of gold and each with a trusty Baedeker in hand. These tourists, by the way, from England and America, when at home would, as a rule, never consent to go to see a horse-race on Sunday. But in Paris it is different ; in Paris, without suspicion of wrong, we can do as the Parisians do.

THE STORY OF A CORRESPONDENCE.

BY PRISCILLA LEONARD.

"COLORADO SPRINGS, April 1st, 189—

"MY DEAR MR. MILLER:—I promised you once—it was quite a while ago, to be sure, but then it was a promise—that, some day, I would write a letter to you. To-day seems a good time to do it. I am in very blue spirits, and decidedly irritated against life in general. The thermometer is ten below zero, and the avenue is filled with racing clouds of dust. Here, in Colorado Springs, when the wind blows, everybody quarrels with life, and I am no exception. And as you used to be a very bracing person to quarrel with, the idea of writing to you seems a happy one, even after four years.

"I take for granted that you are still in Philadelphia. Philadelphia is so unlike Colorado Springs! People live in Philadelphia—they spend whole existences there, and are buried there when they die. Here, in Colorado Springs, people visit; they don't live. In four years everybody changes; one's whole visiting list fades away like a dream, and changes, like a kaleidoscope, into an entirely new set of acquaintances and intimates. I have had thirteen intimate friends, at least, since I last saw you. Thirteen dear friends in four years, and all lost to me now forever!—is not that a striking reminder of the transitoriness of life? One is in Mexico, one in Rome, one in a convent at Paris, two in New York, one in India, one in Louisiana, one on the Nile, two in Chicago, and three have died. Everybody who does not die here goes away, before long, to the ends of the earth, as you see. In comparison, Philadelphia must be a place of solid and enduring social relations. I am in the mood to-day to envy the rooted security of a Philadelphian!

"Do you remember how you used to laugh at my father's investments in mining-stocks out here, four years ago? Well, they have turned out a stroke of financial genius, after all, and made our fortune. It is rather exciting being rich—and rather dull, too. And now, having kept my promise most generously, to the extent of six pages, it is time to stop. I hear you echo the sentiment—but I am, notwithstanding, cordially yours,

ISABEL BROWN."

The young man smiled as he laid down the letter on his desk, amid the business papers that crowded it. "She was a bright girl," he said to himself, "but I never thought she would write that sort of a letter. Too impersonal, somehow. She writes a very pretty hand, though." Perhaps it was the four years' perspective into which the attractive acquaintance of a summer at Mackinac had receded, that gave this effect to his mind. At any rate, he remembered her as she was that last afternoon, when they stood in the old fort, looking over the houses of the picturesque, gay-colored little town, to the blue lake water beyond. They had not been impersonal at all that day, but very much the opposite,—and he had realized since, more than at the time, how very near he had been to being in love with her, and how much one week more of intimacy might have meant to them both. How he had hoped that she would write—though she had only smiled at his request, and promised that some day she might. He had not forgotten, and he had really never liked any other woman so well. And now she had written. Why? Was it just one of those inconsistent little impulses of hers that he had found so charming four years ago—or did it mean more? The only answer to that question, manifestly, was to answer the letter at once. And though the business correspondence was attended to promptly that day, yet a summer afternoon, and a speaking pair of dark eyes, were more in the writer's thoughts than was at all necessary.

It was surprising, after his answer was sent, and the correspondence began thus tentatively, how soon it grew and thrived, and increased. Miss Isabel Brown's postman, hastening along the wide and dusty avenues of Colorado Springs, brought at shorter and shorter intervals, longer and longer letters from Philadelphia; while Mr. George W. Miller's desk in the large city offices of that wealthy firm of which he was junior partner was never long without a specimen of Miss Brown's handwriting. It was a revelation, at both ends of the line, how much one could put on paper for a sympathetic reader, and how intimate a knowledge one gains of a special correspondent, from week to week. Mr. Miller learned, very soon, that he had never really known a girl before—that is, never understood one—and that Miss Brown's opinions, Miss Brown's tastes, Miss Brown's individuality, exactly and continually satisfied and delighted him; while Miss Brown felt that she never could have believed that George Miller could develop such attractive traits and such a thoroughly congenial set of ideas and aspirations. They were a revelation to each other—first a monthly, then a weekly, then almost a daily, revelation. It matters not how often such a discovery is made; in each new case it is equally astonishing and suggestive, and leads inevitably to the further discovery that letter-writing has its limits, and needs the supplement of personal intercourse to perfect its delights. Will any one be astonished to learn that, six months after Miss Brown's first letter arrived in Philadelphia, Mr. George W. Miller himself arrived at Colorado Springs, one September morning, with three of Isabel's last letters in his inside vest-pocket, and a pre-occupation so great that he paid no attention to Pike's Peak at all? Isabel, on her side, was not in the least surprised when he was announced at No. — Cascade Avenue, for his last letter—well, she was quite ready to welcome him, and prepared to descend the stairs without any symptoms of astonishment, except that her heart was beating with most inconvenient quickness, and her cheeks were as red as the heart of a June rose.

This being the state of the young people's feelings, it is somewhat strange to be obliged to chronicle that when Miss Brown entered the drawing-room, and Mr. Miller rose eagerly at her approach, they should have stood looking at each other as if turned to stone. For fully two minutes not a word was interchanged; then the lady, with a gasp, sank down in the nearest chair and covered her face with her hands, while the young man, bending over her, murmured awkwardly,

"I beg your pardon, Miss Brown—is it Miss Brown?"

"Yes, it is!" returned the girl, sitting up defiantly, her blue eyes ablaze and her slender figure full of angry grace. "What right have you, sir, to ask me such a question, when you are masquerading under somebody else's name yourself?"

"I was baptized George Wharton Miller," returned the young man, with equal bitterness, "and my parents are, therefore, responsible for the 'masquerading' to which you allude."

"Wharton?" cried Miss Brown. "I never heard of you

before! I never wrote to George Wharton Miller—the right name is George Washington Miller!"

Mr. Miller sat gravely down in the nearest chair—she was certainly distractingly pretty—and regarded her with a return to his Philadelphian calmness of manner.

"Your letter was addressed to George W. Miller," he said, slowly, "and the postman made a natural mistake, since our firm is the most important of the name. Probably there are ten George Washington Millers in Philadelphia. But that doesn't explain how Miss Isabel Brown, of Colorado Springs—"

"Oh—why, of course—I never thought," cried the young woman, embarrassment succeeding anger—"that is, of course, I thought your answer was to me,—but my cousin, Isabella Brown, used to live in Colorado Springs until two years ago, when she—she married, you know, and went to live in Chicago. I never thought, of course,—oh, isn't it dreadful! And where is George Washington Miller—he ought to be in Philadelphia, somewhere!"

"I dare say he is, at this moment," replied George Wharton Miller, with increasing mastery of the situation. "And I don't see anything to do but to leave him there, and leave Miss Isabella Brown, that was, in Chicago, and think no more about them. Our correspondence has been with each other, after all, you see, and not with them."

"Oh!" said Isabel. "But—but I've known George Miller, really, for years—it was easy to write to him."

"I don't believe," said the other George Miller, judiciously, "that you know him half as well as you know me."

Miss Brown blushed. She did not look angry at all, and was, decidedly, prettier than ever—much prettier than Isabella had ever been. Had he really known Isabella at all? No, certainly not; Isabella had never corresponded with him.

"I am sure," he went on, rather stumbingly this time, "that I know you better than I do any other woman in the world. Haven't I told you—well, just everything, in my letters? And you really cared, you know—you said so. It's the personality, the—soul, that goes into a letter. We know each other, and I—why, I can't let you go, just because I'm not acquainted with you! Don't you see—don't you feel—"

"Yes," said Isabel, faintly. "But—but—you're such a perfect stranger, you know!"

And then, suddenly, a mirthful twinkle sparkled in her blue eyes, a distracting dimple hovered in her cheek, and she began to laugh—an irresistible, contagious, musical laugh, which swept the young man along into its merry current till he finally joined in heartily. They laughed until the tears came to their eyes; they could not stop; the inexhaustible perfection of the joke opened before them in new waves of merriment. It was a laugh of deep and sympathetic comradeship, and when they ceased, exhausted with mirth, and looked into each other's eyes, it was as if they had known each other for years.

"But wasn't it queer," said Isabel, an hour or so later, "that Isabella should have met you at Mackinac, and I should have been there later that season, with your namesake in the party? Do you know, I always wondered why you referred with so much *impressione* to Mackinac, because—I actually snubbed him, most unkindly, that summer. My letter was really a kind of tardy apology to him—and he never got it."

"Do you wish he had?" said George.

"When I am better acquainted with you, perhaps I can tell," said Isabel, with a demure smile.

And George knew, then and there, that the letter had come to the right address—for him.

Truck Farming at Norfolk.

FROM time immemorial it has been the custom of farmers the world over to farm on the minimum plan; to produce just enough from the soil to permit of a decent livelihood. When the classic farmer of tradition has accomplished this feat yearly, he believes that his work has been satisfactorily done. As the world has advanced in the pressure of business and its consequent growth of profits, the farmer has naturally been left behind; and, not content with being left in the race for wealth, fate has pushed him farther down the scale by compelling the desertion of his assistants, who could have helped him better to sustain the struggle—for we have seen in the last twenty-five years the greatest exodus of the rural population to the cities, towns, and villages; farm land just as fertile as it ever was has dropped in value to one-half and one-quarter of its original worth.

The conditions under which the Norfolk trucker works and his secrets of success are worthy of a moment's study. Before the Civil War Norfolk was a great cotton-shipping port; in ante-bellum times great fortunes were made here in handling cotton and in owning slaves. Fortunately, however, her shrewd, far-sighted citizens saw another opening, greater and more assured; it was the raising of truck for the markets that lay to the north of her. In this Norfolk, of course, had some special advantages, but her good fortune is not due to luck or chance, but is the outgrowth of steady, unremitting work for years, directed along the proper channels. In selecting the raising of truck for neighboring markets, Norfolk was simply developing an industry which had existed in her borders since the earliest times.

The geographical position of Norfolk has had much to do, of course, with its success in trucking. It lies on a great bay at the

terminus of five railway systems; it is connected by sea with all the ports of the East from Baltimore and Washington to Philadelphia, New York, and Boston, and hence she can ship all her wares quickly, easily, and cheaply to these places. Nor is this all, for the land is low and is filled with numerous large bays and streams which admit sailing-vessels right to the back doors of the farms, so that the truck is brought to Norfolk by the sailing-vessel. Instead of using wagons and horses, the farmer has his local captain and crew, and sends tons of stuff to Norfolk at the saving of thousands of dollars. Hence, in the handling of his wares, the cost is kept actually down to the lowest figure, for competition can never beat the sailing-vessel for economy of transit. His labor is cheap, easily handled, and efficient. He is troubled with no strikes, no unions, no quarrels. The negro of Norfolk does the entire work from the preparation of the ground—the planting of the seed, the cultivation of the crop, its harvesting, its handling from farm to schooner, from schooner to steamer. The hand of a white man does not touch the truck until it reaches the Northern market. This is not due to the fact that the white man is lazy, but to the truth that the negro drives out competition in this work. His patience in the work, his cheerfulness, his low cost, all make him indispensable. There is no more back-breaking business, for example, than picking strawberries by the day, but the same infinite patience displayed in cotton-picking is shown here by the negro. He is paid by the piece. For each box of strawberries he receives a ticket, which is cashed at the week's end, for two cents. Each basket of pease brings him ten cents, with other vegetables in proportion. The pickers generally work in family groups; one good adult picker, aided by several children, can make as much as eighteen dollars a week in the height of the season.

The height of the trucking season is from the middle of June to the middle of July; although the work of raising and shipping produce extends from early spring to late fall. It is one of the greatest sights of the country to see, every sailing day, slipping out of every cove, every bay, from behind every rise of land, the great white-winged craft bringing their produce to the wharves at Norfolk. It is a demonstration of power and prosperity that is appreciable by the dullest mind.

One-twelfth of the produce of the United States is shipped in this way; undoubtedly more truck is raised at Norfolk than at any other one point on the globe, representing in money value many millions of dollars annually. The ordinary farmer will at once advance the explanation for this prosperous condition of affairs that the land at Norfolk is intensely fertile, and hence capable of great things, but this is only a half-truth. The land is not especially fertile, while it is lacking largely in ammonia, one of the most expensive elements to replace in the soil.

The results are obtained because the work is mixed with brains and phosphate; in the proportion of the more brains the more phosphate. The Northern farmer who feels that he has sunk a fortune in the purchase of two hundred dollars' worth of fertilizer would be thunderstruck at the outlay here; fifty to two hundred dollars' worth of phosphate to each acre yearly is no uncommon sight; the average first-class Norfolk trucker spends five, ten, fifteen or twenty thousand dollars a year for phosphate. With it he forces the soil to do as he wishes; he waits for no rotation of crops; he plants two or three crops at one time in the same ground and when they are out he puts in something else; in this way he raises stuff from the value of four hundred dollars an acre up to almost any figure.

This fact of the forcing of the soil is shown here by the sharp line which divides the prosperous region from the shiftless. It is almost like riding into another country to leave the truck region and go into the surrounding counties; the old shiftless poverty familiar to every traveler in the South appears at once as if by magic; they have the same soil, the same sun, but then they lack the great power to combine the native chances with the chain at Norfolk which is carrying truck to the North and bringing back wealth.

If trucking is so profitable, the natural thought is that all the Norfolk truckers are growing rapidly rich. This is not true, for the human element must not be overlooked; it requires even more care and skill for success than in many other lines of business; the trucker must be a first-class farmer; he must know his ground, his weather, his crops, his hands, to perfection. But he must be more: he must be a far-sighted business man, know-



WAYSIDE BARBER-SHOP—TRUCKING NEIGHBORHOOD.

ing what to raise and, what is more important, how, when, and where to sell it. The truth of this statement is shown in the fact that while one great trucker makes, possibly, thirty thousand dollars a year, his neighbor, with the same kind of land, crops, hands, and market, is utterly ruined in the same season. The profits are heavy, the losses are heavier. There are many reasons for this beyond the mere farming. While his farming is done by cheap labor, it must be employed in great numbers; his fertilizer bills are terrific, and his freight, while low, considering the distance from the market, is an item. The crops must beat by several weeks at least the same crops in the North

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while they must follow the Carolina crops, for with his freight and his phosphate the Norfolk farmer cannot sell at the same figure as the Jersey or Long Island farmer, who lets nature do nearly his entire work. Hence the time at which his crops ripened for the market is a most tremendous factor in his success. Again, while by this system of farming the element of weather is reduced to the lowest value, it is nevertheless present. A wet, cold spring, such as we have just experienced, means the loss of thousands of dollars at Norfolk, for the crops are "backened," with great consequent loss.

This style of farming is farming at a maximum; it is the getting out of the earth all that it is capable of, instead of the old-style minimum farming of the North.

The lesson that this teaches the North is obvious; we cannot all be Norfolk truckers nor have their advantages, but there are possibilities existing in the presence of neighboring great cities which can make the farmer's life a more prosperous, vigorous, and happier existence.

J. HOWE ADAMS.

Flag-day in Denver.

FLAG-DAY was celebrated in Denver last month after a manner worthy to stand as an example to the whole country.

Flag-day is not unknown in other parts of the country, but in Denver it has become an institution, with a character all its own. It was inaugurated as a public festival three years ago, by the societies of the Sons and Daughters of the Revolution. The idea grew out of the annual May-day walk of the Brooklyn Sunday-schools in Prospect Park, and the quiet Flag-day consecration elsewhere instituted by some branch of the Sons and Daughters of the Revolution. The thought of the Colorado branch of the fraternity was to unite the features of the annual Brooklyn Sunday-school parade with the celebration of the day on which the national colors were adopted by the Continental Congress—the 14th of June, 1777—into a national holiday for children to honor the flag.

It would seem at first blush as if the public schools would be the most convenient and proper channel through which to carry out the idea. But an organized foundation was necessary to make the celebration a success on a large scale, and in Denver and many other parts of the country the public schools close just before the middle of June; and besides, the happy desire prevailed to enlist the very little tots, too young to attend public school. Where a liberal religious tolerance exists, the Sunday-schools offer the most convenient organized foundation. And that the most liberal and wholesome religious tolerance exists in Colorado has been for three years proved by the increasing enthusiasm with which the Sunday-schools of all sects—Protestants, Catholics, and Jews alike—have united to celebrate Flag-day as cordially as the Brooklyn Protestant Sunday-schools make their May-day walk in Prospect Park, carrying only their own Sunday-school banners.

The spectacle presented by the celebration in the six-hundred-and-forty-acre city park of Denver was one to stir to enthusiasm the most indifferent heart. The national significance of the thing could not escape the dulllest apprehension—nor the religious significance. It was a great object-lesson in fraternalism. It was a great dedication of the children of democracy, regardless of station, creed, or color—for the negro Sunday-schools



A GROUP IN THE PARK AT DENVER.

were there in full force—to religious and political freedom under the Stars and Stripes. The respectability, the beauty, and the joyousness of the thing were a lesson for nations—a lesson to the rich on the respectability of the poor; a lesson to the poor on the real fraternalism of the intelligent rich. All were there, and proud to be there. The Sons and Daughters of the Revolution, the beauty and the brains and the democratic brawn of Denver were there in joyous concourse, proud of their country, to teach the little children to honor its flag. Catholic priests and nuns in the garb of their order, Jewish rabbis, Presbyterian clergymen, Methodist and Baptist ministers, negro exhorters, and Episcopalian divines, leading their schools, mingled there in pleasant fraternity, finding each other, on contact, much more alike than different after all—the true lesson of religious and political fraternity.

Flag-day has become to Colorado, and we think it must soon become to the whole country, democracy's great annual day, for the head that gave it form and character reached a magic hand within, and shrewdly touched the universal chord in all wholesome human hearts—the love of children and the pleasure of seeing them joyous and learning good things.

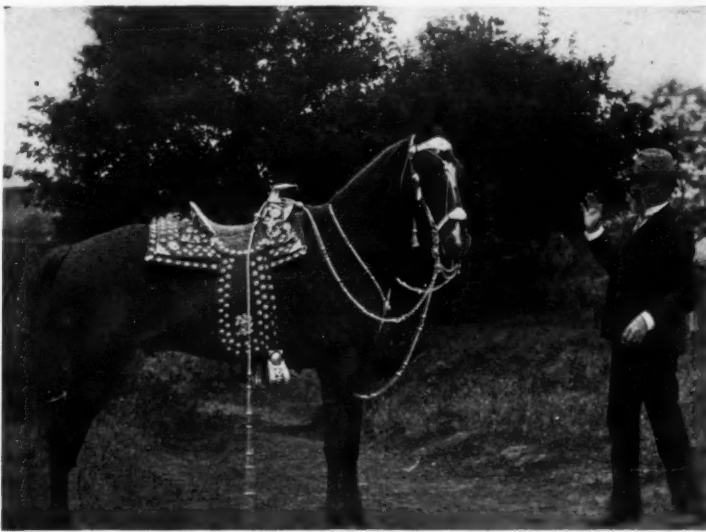
The "Keep off the grass" signs were removed and the beau-

tiful lawns given over to the children to tumble about on all day. At noon each separate society had its picnic, then more play for the children; then a lining-up to receive eagerly the flags, one for each, presented by the Sons and Daughters. The scenes were so charming that many professional and amateur photographers were busy taking snap-shots.

When the Governor and his family, attended by his military staff in gorgeous uniform, and the mayor of the city arrived, all was ready for the grand review. The reviewing-stand, gay with streamers and flags, was occupied by a large assembly of invited guests. The signal cannon was fired; the Governor and mayor came to the front; the proud procession of Lilliputian patriots, boys and girls, began to move—an Uncle Sam, six years old, in the well-known attire, and attended by thirteen lovely daughters all in spotless white, whose average height was about three feet, heading the column, which had nine thousand children in line, each insistently waving a yard-long flag.

The Finest Saddle in the Country.

THE most costly and elaborate saddle in America, if not in the world, is owned in California, where it was manufactured. Dixie W. Thompson, a wealthy rancher of Ventura County, whose home is in Santa Barbara, is the owner and designer of it. The saddle is of typical Mexican pattern, with a high



MR. DIXIE W. THOMPSON AND HIS HORSE CANUTE.

pommel, well-hollowed seat, and the most elaborate of trap-pings.

The work was done in Santa Barbara under Mr. Thompson's supervision, and is such as only the Spanish could produce. The saddle is of fine embossed leather, set thick with silver buttons and rosettes, the pommel incased with silver, the corners of the apron tipped with it, the stirrups faced and edged with silver half an inch thick, elaborately chased and carved. The saddle-tree is hung with silver rings to answer the vaquero's requirements.

The girth which secures the saddle in place is woven from horses' manes by native artisans, and is fully eight inches broad. The reins, martingale, and whip are composed of solid silver in woven strands. The headstall is covered with fluted silver with large silver rosettes at the side, and an elaborate nose-piece with a silver chain under the jaw. The bridle, reins, and accessories weigh about twelve pounds, and are worth about two hundred and fifty dollars in the value of coin silver used.

Each year Mr. Thompson adds something to the exquisite beauty and value of the saddle, the whole having already cost some three thousand dollars. It will not be possible to add much more weight, and the beautifying of the accoutrements cannot be imagined.

MABEL C. CRAFT.

The Winnipeg Crew at Henley.

ADDITIONAL interest is attached to the departure of the four-oared Winnipeg crew for Henley, on account of the determined but vain efforts that have been made by the London *Field* and others to prevent their entries from being accepted. The excuse was that one of the four was a professional, in the English sporting term of the word—that is to say, that he had done manual labor for a living. It since turned out that some three years ago this young man had been ordered by his physician to go out and work in the pine woods for his health. It is true he had received a salary as an overseer, but he had spent the money on his companions in the lumber-camp, and had no personal benefit of it whatever. The crew is well known in the United States, having carried off some very fine trophies last year, and is composed of some very fine fellows, all of whom are good all-around athletes. Their names are J. C. G. Army-

tage, C. L. Marks, R. M. Flett, and W. J. K. Osborne. The trainer, Mr. Dan J. Murphy, is an old Bostonian, who has also made his mark in actual rowing competitions.

Moving the Nation's Library.

THEY call it the Library of Congress, and the original plan was for a library of reference for the use of Senators and Representatives. The plan broadened until the library became a national, rather than a Congressional, library. It is the attraction which draws to the capital every year hundreds of earnest students and historians; and it is one of the deciding causes in establishing there many of the literary people who make Washington their home.

When the new library building was nearing completion it was planned to have the books from the old library rooms in the Capitol moved across the plaza and put in the new building in the spring. The calling of the extra session of Congress interfered with this plan. The books were needed for reference by the members of Congress; so it was deemed inexpedient to attempt the removal of any but those of remote interest until Congress had adjourned. The old newspaper files will be the first removed, and the books will follow slowly. Two months will be required for the work. The number of books to be moved is greater probably, with one exception, than was ever transferred from one place to another.

There are seven hundred and forty-five thousand books now on the shelves of the library.

The Boston Public Library was moved from Boylston Street to Copley Square two years ago. There were four hundred thousand volumes to be moved, and it was said that, laid side by side, they would have reached seven miles. The books in the Library of Congress, then, would stretch out nearly twelve and one-half miles if they were laid side by side. The Boston books were moved by horse and cart. When the Royal Prussian Library of a million volumes was moved a line of soldiers was formed and the books were passed from hand to hand in baskets. There was at one time talk of an elevated railroad to do the work at Washington, and the newspapers for a long time said Superintendent Green was considering the feasibility of sending the books through a tunnel which runs between the Capitol and the library building, and which is intended for the transportation of books for the use of Congressmen. Mr. Green says it would be just as feasible to transfer the entire stock of a dry-goods store by means

of the cash-carriers as to draw the twelve and one-half miles of books through the narrow tunnel from the Capitol. He proposes to adopt the Boston method—in fact, he has adopted it, for the work of transferring the unused part of the collection is now in progress. Boxes of plain pine wood have been constructed. Each holds as many books as two men can carry. The books are taken from the shelves and packed loosely in these boxes. Negro laborers carry the boxes to the Capitol entrance on the level of the east plaza. There they are loaded into express-wagons and sent under guard to the library building. There the process is reversed, and as the books are taken from the boxes in one of the basement rooms of the library they are shaken and dusted quickly before being packed together in a big, irregular pile to await assortment.

The books and pamphlets now being transferred are from the crypt of the Capitol. The books on the shelves will be handled in a slightly different way. The present arrangement of the volumes is to be preserved in the new library until the librarian has had time to look around and study out a better system. It is necessary to take the collection apart like the walls of a house which is to be erected in its old form. It will be divided into lots and each one will be tagged like the bricks or stones of the house. These lots will be moved in order, so that they can be placed in like order in the new book-stacks. As there has not been even a glass door to protect any of these books in the old library, it will be necessary to clean each volume before putting it on the shelves. The new book-stacks are dust-proof and it is proposed to introduce as little dust into them as possible. To clean the dust of ages from the books, Superintendent Green will turn on each box-full, as it is brought over, a fire-hose which is attached to the air-condenser of the library's pneumatic-tube system, and a stream of air under a pressure of several pounds to the square inch will blow all the thick dust from the volumes. The thin layer which adheres will be removed by hand, and each of the three-quarters of a million volumes, when they find their new resting-place, will be as free from loose dirt as the day they came from the hands of the publisher.

The books are to be distributed through all the new book-stacks, though they will not occupy one-third of the space. It will be fifty years, perhaps, before the blanks on the shelves will be filled and the stacks will be occupied to their full capacity.

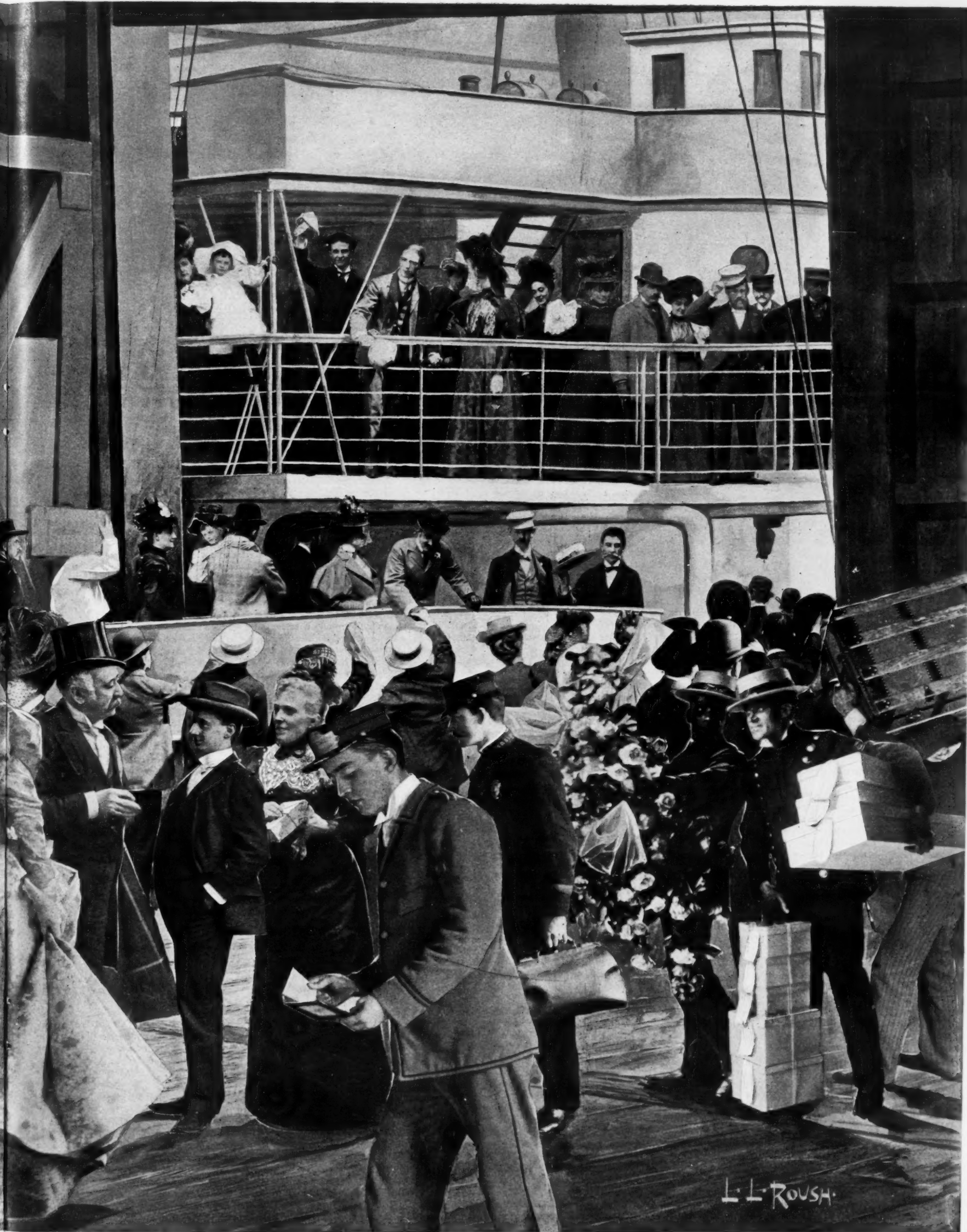


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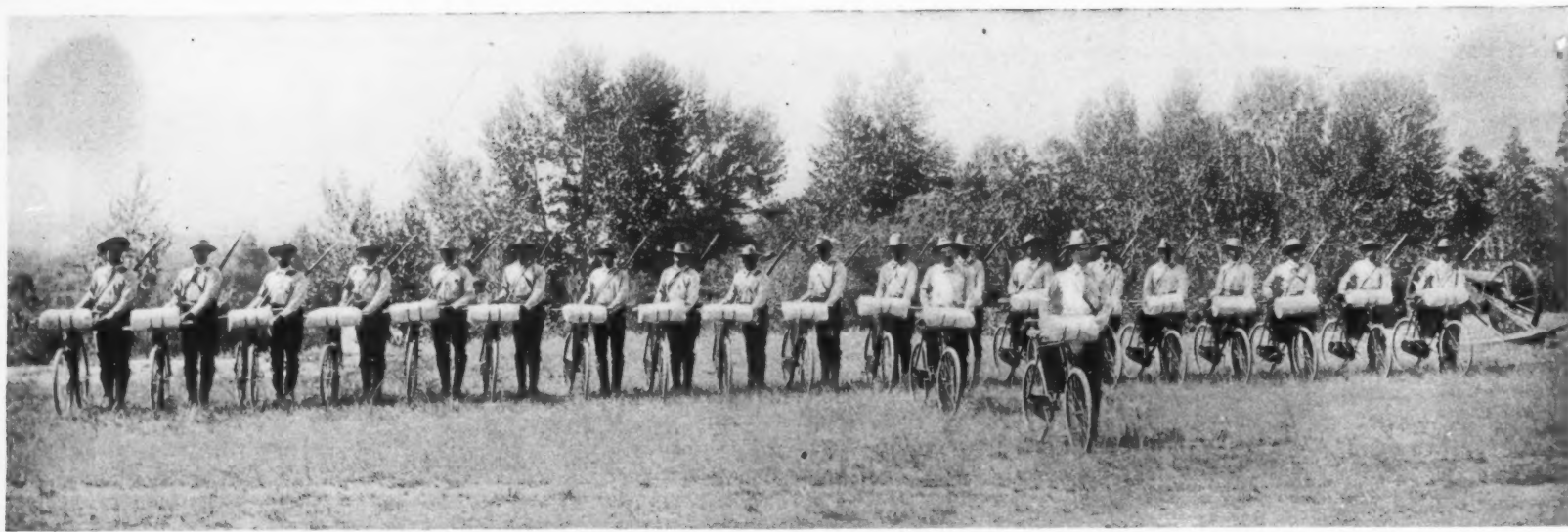
OFF FOR EUROPE.

Here is a scene which has become very familiar to all New-Yorkers; many hundreds of thousands of people in other parts of the United States are also acquainted with it. It is a moment of excitement and tears and laughs and smiles on both sides. When the ship finally slips her moorings those on the dock go back to the prosaic life at home and prepare to resist the torrid heat of summer, while those aboard go to their very many millions of money. Much of this is left on the other side—wasted and utterly gone; then again, much more is brought back in the shape of renewed health, enlarged knowledge, and that travel-begotten Old-World civilization with the New World's eyes of progress. When such a man who has traveled intelligently comes home he is sure to be a better American in every sense.



EUROPE.

of excitement and bustle, and it is a nice question which are the most moved by feeling—those who are sailing across the sea, or those who remain at home. At any rate, there are sighs and those aboard go to their state-rooms and prepare to be seasick. The tourists who leave the port of New York each summer for travel in Europe take with them, in gold and in letters of credit, and that travel-begotten cultivation which neither the cloister nor the study can supply. It is plainly the duty of every man who can afford the time and money to go to Europe and look upon



The Bicycle in the Army.

For several years General Miles, now the commanding officer of the United States Army, has maintained that the bicycle would come into valuable military use. Messengers in many State camps now ride wheels instead of horses, and there are already bicycle corps attached to the military establishments of various of the commonwealths. We have had long-distance relay rides where dispatches have been carried, and the results have been not only satisfactory but astonishing. Now there is in progress the best test we have yet had. By order of General Miles a squad of twenty colored infantrymen of the Twenty-fifth Regiment, United States Army, under command of Lieutenant James A. Moss, of the same regiment, is on the road awheel, attempting the journey from Fort Missoula, on the western slope of the Rocky Mountains, to St. Louis, a distance of two thousand miles. These soldiers will have to cross the main divide of the Rocky Mountains and do the rest of the journey through a country where improved roads are unknown. Of course very careful preparations were made for the trip. The result is anxiously awaited, and in a great measure the advisability of forming a bicycle corps in the regular army will be determined by the success or failure of this experiment. When this paper appears the squad will have gone, in all probability, nearly the whole of the journey.

As We Live Now.

THE RENAISSANCE OF KANSAS.

A CENSUS just taken of the population of Kansas shows a decrease of about a thousand souls in the past twelvemonth, which is, of course, the continuing effect of the wave of unprosperity that struck the State some twelve or fifteen years ago. There are reasons for believing that Kansas has turned the corner, and that prosperity is now about to return.

The spasmodic spurt and the subsequent recoil of that State were strictly in accordance with the laws of economical science. Twenty years ago a settler in Kansas could buy a quarter-section of excellent land on credit, without the expenditure of a dollar. Merchants stood ready to advance him seed, farm-implements, a yoke of oxen or mules, lumber to build a house and barn, furniture, household utensils, and a twelvemonth's supply of food for his family—all on credit, the debt to be paid out of the proceeds of his first and second crops; and cases were not infrequent when both borrower and lender made money by the transaction. Where no adverse weather curtailed the crop, and the markets held up, the owner of a farm which yielded thirty bushels of wheat or fifty bushels of corn to the acre, the year after the sod was broken, found himself well off, out of debt, and a man of property eighteen months after his purchase. But it is not in nature that prosperity should be so easily won. The chapter of accidents had been barred; it presently came into play in the shape of blights and grasshoppers, too much rain or too little, falling markets for cereals, exhaustive rates of transportation by carriers. Some farmers grew rich, but more of them were plunged into poverty by the exuberance of their credit.

When the storekeeper consented to renew the notes he held, he took a mortgage on the farm and all it contained. When he was too exacting, enterprising Eastern capitalists pressed money on the farmer to relieve his necessities, but they also secured themselves by a cast-iron pledge of the debtor's property. Thus the whole agricultural area of the State became plastered with mortgages, and if the property did not pass to the creditor it was because he was reluctant to foreclose. So it came about that ten or twelve years ago farm-land in one of the most fertile States in the Union had no owners, the original settler having merely an equity of redemption, and the mortgage creditor shrinking from asserting an ownership which would have exposed him to indefinite taxation.

Nor could the debtor see his way to avail himself of his equity, because the price of his crops declined steadily, and each year left him deeper in debt. There seemed to be no bottom to the grain markets. By way of aggravation, railroads, struggling to avert impending bankruptcy, adopted freight-tariffs which charged all the grain was worth for carrying it to market, and contrived artifices by which the granger laws were set at defiance.

It was then that, in their despair, the Kansans resorted to empirical devices to defeat the operation of natural laws. They passed statutes which, in effect, denied that two and two make four. They enacted stay laws. They cried aloud to Congress to advance money on their crops and hold them till they could be sold at a profit. They insisted that a government of strictly limited and well-defined powers should go into the railroad and the banking business. They started a Populist party, with Peffer and Simpson and Mrs. Lease at its head, and undertook to inaugurate a new political economy. They were a miserable, broken-hearted people, catching at any straw which seemed to promise a chance of escape from drowning.

Happily it was their good fortune to have sprung from sturdy New-England stock. The early settlers of Kansas inherited from their forefathers the virtues of courage, endurance, fortitude, and intelligence. In their veins ran the blood of men who had wrested a livelihood from the bleak and barren shores of Massachusetts. While the rabble of Topeka and Leavenworth were braying about populism, thoughtful settlers on the prairies were conning practical remedies for the evils of the hour. It was manifest that a farmer could not make wages by growing wheat to sell at forty cents or forty-five cents on the farm. It was clear that there was nothing for him in raising corn to sell at thirty cents at Chicago, though he did grow fifty bushels to the acre. The yield of the farm must be shipped in another shape.

It was then that the Kansas farmer bethought himself of shipping his corn in the shape of beef. He stocked a small pasture lot of ten or twenty acres with one-year-old steers, the product of improved Texan cows and Herefordshire bulls, and fed his corn to them. As much corn on the cob was supplied to the cattle as they could eat, just as African princesses are gorged with buttermilk till they drop off their stools from repletion. They were sold as two-year-olds when they would weigh nine hundred pounds on the hoof, or as three-year-olds when they reached eleven or twelve hundred pounds. At first they were sold at St. Louis; but when Armour and his competitors established their great packing-houses at Kansas City the cattle found a market nearer home, and corn once more became a profitable crop to raise.

The trouble with the wheat crop was overcome by diverting the wheat stream from Chicago to the gulf ports. The distance from Kansas City to New Orleans is nearly double the distance from Kansas City to Chicago. But when Kansas wheat has reached Chicago it is still one thousand miles from tide-water. The journey from Kansas City to sea-going steamers at New Orleans or Galveston is about six hundred miles less than the journey from Kansas City to New York via Chicago; this gain made the difference between profit and loss to the Kansas wheat grower. The North and South railroad lines have agreed to carry wheat from Kansas City to the gulf ports for two-thirds of the sum which the East and West railroads charge for carrying it to New York. The problem thus solved, wheat-growing in Kansas again became a profitable industry, while the export of corn in the shape of beef and pork was showing a profit.

This revolution—which first took shape three or four years ago—enabled farmers to pay off their mortgages and to hold up their heads. The packing-houses brought a good deal of money into Kansas. They are only second to those of Chicago. When the Greco-Turkish quarrel threatened to involve Europe in a general war, the other day, it was reckoned that Kansas City could feed both the belligerent armies for less money than they could be fed from European sources of supply.

The embarrassment of Kansas was really abnormal. There are farms on the line of the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fé which for the past twenty years have been steadily yielding thirty bushels of wheat to the acre—that is to say, double the average of the whole United States—and these farms are within a few hours of a distributing market. Within a short distance, in the southeastern corner of the State, fine beds of coal have lately been found near Pittsburg and Independence and Baxter Springs. It cannot be called a high grade of coal. It is a fair lignite, resembling the coal of Canon and Trinidad—a very different article from the coal which the Kansans used twenty years ago. In those days, when the bitter west wind swept over the prairies, it took two men to tend a coal-fire—one to bring in coal from the yard, the other to feed the stove; the average life of a chunk of coal, when lit, was three minutes.

The railroads were the making of Kansas, but in one point of view they have been its undoing. They have prevented the utilization of its water-courses, especially the Missouri and the Kaw. These noble streams ought to be speckled with shipping; as it is, no vessel ruffles their waters, no smoke overhangs their silent surface. The Kansans will some day find out that they cannot afford to neglect the bounties of nature, and that a navigable stream ought to be navigated.

One of the causes of the bad name which Kansas once bore was the injudicious settlement of the extreme western counties. Land was taken up and towns founded to the very border of Colorado, in a region where years pass without a drop of rain, and it is utterly impossible to raise crops without irrigation. Experience has proved that farming west of a line running through Wichita and Selma is a dreary delusion; nothing will grow. Within the lifetime of men now in middle age this land will probably be irrigated from reservoirs supplied by canals tapping the Missouri above Omaha; until that is done, agricultural operations in western Kansas will yield nothing but vexation of spirit. The lesson has been duly learned. Farms and villages in the extreme western portion of the State have been abandoned to the coyote and the prairie-dog. From the window of the train the eye lights on silent, desolate barns and shanties. Some of the ex-owners have trooped into Okla-

homa, which they will presently vacate, wiser and poorer than they are; others, with a keener knowledge of the situation, are working for wages in the eastern counties of the State.

Returning prosperity has begotten returning common sense. It is not unusual now to meet a Kansan who admits that two and two make four, and that there are reasons for believing in the multiplication-table. Mrs. Lease has retired to California, and the Peffers and Simpsons are working out their problems in the seclusion which the cabin grants. The new Senator, Mr. Harris, is a hard-headed man of business who has made a fortune in Kansas. He was once a Confederate colonel, but he couldn't help it, and he was reconstructed long ago. He said, during the campaign, that he was a Populist in a sense. But he is certainly not the man to advocate a sub-treasury for potatoes.

The old Greek was right who said that it was not sticks and stones which made a state, but men. As to its men, Kansas asks no odds of the other commonwealths. It was settled during the first stage of the dying agony of slavery, by men who took their Sharp's rifles with them as carefully as their plows. Alone among the Western States, it was settled for the vindication of a principle; its pioneers had as holy and lofty a purpose as the Spaniards had who carried the cross and the Mass into Mexico and Peru. The soil of eastern Kansas was fertilized with the blood of the best and the bravest sons of the Puritans and the Dutch reformers. On every mile of the dark and bloody ground between Leavenworth and Lawrence men were shot to death and hastily thrust into unknown graves by homicides fleeing from the vengeance that was sure to follow.

The tragedies of those days were not altogether the work of the pro-slavery men. In many spots are traces of the bloody raids of Jennison and Lane, which made outlaws of the Younger brothers. But the typical savage of those days was Quantrell, whose career showed how little exaggeration there was in Mrs. Stowe's Legree. Old men still recount the tale of that terrible morning when the outlaws broke into the quiet town of Lawrence and ordered every man to come out of his house and stack his arms. It was a repetition of Ali Pacha's raid on Gardiki. When the weapons had been gathered up and the free-soilers disarmed, the shooting began. Quantrell's raiders shot straight and few escaped their bullets. In one boarding-house were living four Eastern brides who had accompanied their husbands to Kansas. When the young men surrendered their rifles they were shot down. Three died forthwith. The fourth survived, with seven balls in his body, and is now a leading member of a wholesale business house in Kansas City.

The bitter taste of blood still clings to the palate of white-haired survivors of both parties. The other day a bowed and tottering veteran visited Lawrence. To entertain him a citizen of the place told him the old story of the raid.

"Say not another word," said the old man, in his quavering voice. "I was there. I rode with Quantrell. I am not sorry for it. The only regret I feel is for having left any of the people of this place alive. The free-soilers had killed my son, and I shall never forgive them; no, never."

Some one took the old man kindly by the arm and led him away.

What became of Quantrell? No one knows. Some say that his harsh discipline roused his men against him, and that they shot him from behind as he rode through a dark copse in Missouri. Others believe that he was caught by a fierce band of Union guerrillas in Kentucky, and was hanged without the form of a court-martial. Certain it is that he disappeared from the face of the earth, and left no mark to show where he had been laid.

Those were days of thrilling deeds, daring adventures, splendid heroism, and brutal treachery. Once the free-soilers were beleaguered at Lawrence by an overwhelming force of marauders from across the river, with battle, murder, and sudden death in their eyes. A few miles away a force of United States troops lay encamped, but the Missourians had drawn their lines so tightly that it was as much as a free soiler's life was worth to try to reach them. Was there a man in Lawrence brave enough to take the risk? The besiegers rarely threw away a cartridge; their aim was sure, their fingers quick on the trigger. Yet, as night fell and people thought of what the morning might bring, a Vermont boy said he would take his chances. The swiftest

and strongest horse in the place was saddled; the boy gripped him with his knees, swung his *cuerth* in his hand, and commencing his old father to his friends if he fell, dashed out into the dark. Lawrence listened to the clatter of his horse's hoofs, to the steady gallop into which the animal's pace settled down, to the crack of an outpost rifle, followed by a volley aimed not at the rider, for they could not see him, but at the sound of his furious rush; and then the firing died out, and Lawrence knew from the faint reverberation of the distant hoof-beats that the daring rider had got through the lines, and that the city was saved.

The young man's name was H. A. W. Labor, and he lived to be United States Senator from Colorado for a brief term. Many years ago he told me the story in confidence. I think I am justified in breaking faith, now that the old man is a broken, houseless bankrupt, who, at this time, sorely needs a friend.

People have been used to laugh at Kansas for her prohibitory law. It would be wiser to study it and to observe its working with attention. It has been in force for seventeen years. Under it no one in Kansas can sell or give away or buy from a Kansan intoxicating liquor; under the Federal law a Kansan may buy liquor from a resident of another State, bring it into Kansas, and consume it in his own house. The effect of the State law has been to put a stop entirely to liquor-selling in the rural districts, and to suppress the saloon in cities. In such cities as Topeka, Emporia, and Wichita gentlemen evade the law by joining clubs, in which each member has a closet in which, if he chooses, he may store wine or spirits for his own consumption; a lower class of toppers find what they want in illegal "joints" in back rooms behind low restaurants. In such places forty-rod is surreptitiously sold with the knowledge of the police. The prohibitionists think that they have accomplished their purpose when they have made whisky-drinking difficult and disreputable. A young man who is seen coming out of a joint is ostracized in society; the patrons of such places are loafers and vagrants.

Kansas is content with her prohibitory law, and is not likely to repeal it. Bills to reopen the liquor trade are introduced by city members at each session of the Legislature, but they are promptly killed by the rural delegations. JOHN BONNER.

The "Partial" Parent.

In a recent biography, which has caused considerable stir on account of its undeniable literary and other charms, the gifted mother of a large family is held up to the admiration of the world. She appears to have been in most respects an excellent woman; but from among her numerous children she had evidently singled out two for especial affection. These two are alluded to as respectively her favorite son and her favorite daughter, and she seems to have "made no bones" of openly calling them so. While she was praising these two where, pray, were the other half-dozen or so? How did they feel when the mother discriminated between her offspring in this manner? Not very happy, it is quite safe to say. One of these two chosen children was a son of exceptional brightness. The other was a daughter who seemed to be willing to efface herself for the privilege of ministering to the wants of the family, especially of the gifted mother.

Now, if only the bright ones and the good ones are going to be petted and made much of, what is going to become of the rest of us, who are simply common, every-day sort of people? We expect to get snubbed out in the cold world, but at home, at the mother's knee, we want to be treated as well as the others.

Now, the mother who makes such distinctions in her family ought not to be set up as a model. There is probably no maternal trait, not even the predilection for the hair-brush as an implement of punishment, which has made more childish souls suffer than what is called "partiality." The pretty child and the bright child, though they may be dearer to the mother's heart than their plainer and duller brothers and sisters, should never be allowed to know any difference in the maternal tenderness. Untold tortures have been inflicted upon sensitive souls by a mother's neglect of them while she has showered caresses upon her favorites. Almost everybody has himself witnessed instances of the kind which have made his blood boil. The gifted mother of the biography no doubt detected differences in loveliness in her children, just as other mothers do, but she had no business to let the fact be known, even in the privacy of her home, much less in the world outside.

We commend this subject to the consideration of the next Mothers' Congress. There is none more vital to the happiness of the family circle.

Government Stamp Speculations.

The Canadian government has gone into the customary speculation in special stamps. A special design has been prepared for a "Jubilee" set, and it is announced in the Dominion newspapers that the number issued will be limited. The size of the stamps will be smaller than that of the Columbian stamps issued under Postmaster-General Wanamaker. The designs will be appropriate to the Jubilee occasion.

It has been the custom since philately became a fad of importance, for small governments throughout the world to issue stamps in new designs at intervals of a year or two, so as to pay some of the cost of running the government through an indirect tax on stamp collectors. The Cuban revolutionists did this last year with a vowed purpose of raising money. They had no postal system and no means of exchanging mail with any of the governments of the earth. But they printed a set of stamps and put them on sale with an agent in New York. And collectors who felt that they must have even the smallest or the freakiest thing in the line of their fancy, bought the stamps in large number.

It is not often that big governments go in for speculation of this kind. The United States did it in 1893, to the great disgust of the stamp collectors; but in that case the speculation was incidental. Our Postmaster-General wanted to signalize the Columbian celebration by the issue of stamps of special design, just as the Centennial of 1876 had been recognized by his department. He wanted the stamps to be of a peculiar shape, so that they could take a larger design, and so that they would be better distinguished from the regular issues. The larger stamps would

cost a great deal more than the contract price for the smaller stamps, and Mr. Wanamaker figured that he would be able to reimburse the department for this additional outlay by the additional sales of stamps to collectors. In this he was disappointed. The demand for the stamps was much less than he expected. Possibly the experience of the Canadian government will be similar. There was a mild protest from the philatelists against the Columbian issue. There is a greater protest from many quarters against the Canadian stamps. The protest



Dickens's "Little Nell."

MR. F. EDWIN ELWELL exhibited his bronze figures of Dickens and Little Nell at the Columbian exhibition. Nothing in the art collection at Chicago attracted more attention, because it appealed to the masses as only Dickens, among the novelists, does appeal. This group has been purchased by the Fairmount Park Association, of Philadelphia, and we present the figure of Little Nell in the cut above. In the complete group she leans upon a pedestal, on which in a chair sits Dickens, looking in a dreamy way at this most fascinating of his creations.

against the wild-cat issues of little principalities all over the world is continuous. The feeling that the changing of a design with an eye on philatelic purses is unjust to them may bring about a combination of stamp collectors, which will lessen the sale of the Jubilee stamps and make them an expensive luxury to the Dominion government.

A Creole Anomaly.

THE word creole, though generally supposed to indicate an intermixture of French and Spanish blood, has become corrupted, and now means any one born on Louisiana soil. Of all the sets, sects, classes and kinds of creoles known, the Gigi (pronounced Gay-gay), perhaps, is the most peculiarly interesting, from the very fact that, comparatively speaking, little is known of his existence as a distinct species of *genus homo*. The term has frequently been misused to denote any creole, but properly speaking, it belongs to those tinged with African blood.

They are neither white nor colored, when it comes to racial affiliation. In complexion they are likely to range from a blonde tint to deep olive, almost brown. The Gigi is French to his heart's core. He abhors everything American, is conservative, and thoroughly in sympathy with everything of the past generation. The etymology of the name is uncertain. It is only known as one of the many words adopted from the creole *patois*. It was first given in derision, clung, and was finally adopted in semi-official style.

The Gigi may be white or colored. It is difficult to tell one from the other. They form a distinct social cult, intermarrying among themselves even to the extent of cousins and kinfolks taking one another for life partners. In the matter of education they are generally far beyond the average, it being quite the distinct and proper thing to send sons and daughters to Paris to finish the culture begun in New Orleans. American colleges are little patronized, American ideas not being popular with the members of the set. In the matter of religion, the women are stanch, devout Catholics, while the men are, for the most part, either very lukewarm or decided agnostics. Generally the latter.

The existence of the Gigi antedates the Civil War by perhaps a score of years. The old French planters of a century ago who imported slaves from Africa are directly responsible for their being. The offspring of slave and master—a mixture of French white and African blood—took a higher position in serfdom than unmixed blacks. The complexion-lightening process continued, and the French people, always less prejudiced to color than Americans, not only educated and maintained this race of French-speaking octoroons springing up, but in many cases freed them and gave them a good start in the world. A good

many years before the war we find among some old writers of the times, frequent mention of this distinct class of Creoles, at that time called French Freedmen. Much is told of the beauty and elegance of the women, the wealth and pride of the men, and the remarkable amount of learning among them. They generally kept black slaves themselves, and formed a peculiar third element of society, even more marked than the mulattoes of Hayti.

During the war many fled to France and were lost in the Parisian whirl. The Gigi found himself placed in an awkward position. Racial affiliations demanded that he sympathize with the black element. Business interests and a wholesome love for the Southern blood in his veins threw his heart against the slave. Hence, to avoid trouble they left America. Those who remained were, for the most part, neutral, and from these circumstances it is thought the term Gigi came to be applied, as in one form of Creole *patois* it means weak, vacillating, or untrue.

The close of the war left the majority of the Gigis in possession of large fortunes, splendid educations, and a surprising amount of prejudice against Americans, white or black. They continued their segregated life, it is supposed through fear of coming in contact with the ex-slaves, and gradually withdrew into themselves completely.

The French portion of New Orleans is, to a certain extent, given over to them. The Gigi is conservative; he clings to old customs, old ideas and localities. The French opera and the ancient absinthe café are his chief haunts, while the women, true to French customs, are seldom seen. The American is distasteful in every form. American ideas and infringements upon old traditions are resented with the usual Creole ardor. Only the Gigi has two races to fight—he must keep the negroes at bay for fear of familiarity, and he must prevent the whites from knowing him too well for fear of being found out. He despises a black American; he will tolerate a fair-skinned one, and condescend to a white one. He will treat the black Creole with pitying good-nature and embrace the white Creole with open arms. He belongs to neither one race nor the other, but is decisive in his selection of companions.

Yet, as a class, the Gigi has not been altogether devoid of public spirit. When, in the late years, it became necessary to speak out, they have unhesitatingly declared themselves, but in the character of spectators rather than as participants.

In the question of legacies the Gigis have been liberal in endowing schools and asylums; and be it said to their credit that the institutions for their black brethren have received the most notice. The money thus spent could in no way affect them or their children, for the latter are educated in white institutions at home, when able to "pass" as white, and sent abroad when not.

The fate of the Gigi, however, seems inevitable. In a generation, it is safe to predict, the Gigis, as a distinct class of society, will have disappeared from the picturesque haunts of New Orleans and become merged into the prosaic world of Americanism.

ALICE RUTH MOORE.

The Fairy Preacher.

I HEARD wind-elves in frolic pass
As down the orchard-path I strode,
And saw amid the swaying grass
The pulpit of the preacher-toad.

Aias! I never set my tread
Within these aisles at dusk or dawn,
But that I found the preacher fled,
And all the congregation gone.

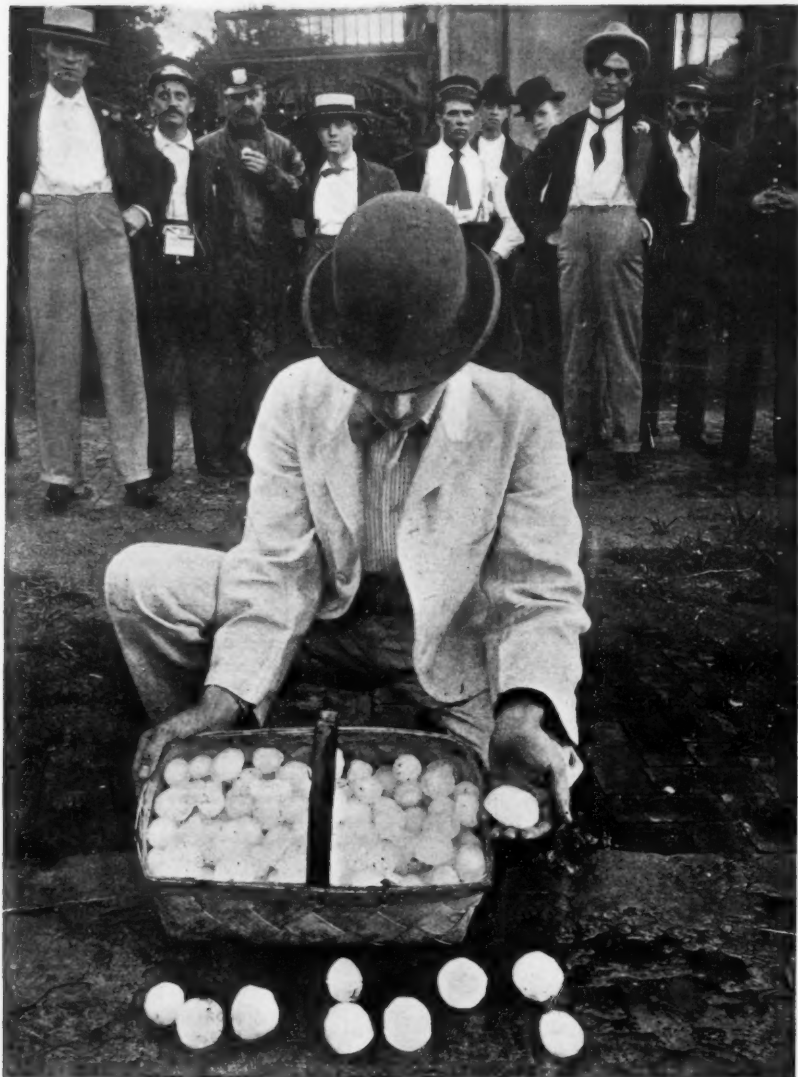
Yet some day at the service-time
I'll catch the fairy pulpiteer;
Then how the cricket-choir will chime!
And what a sermon I shall hear!

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HAIL-STONES IN KANSAS.

An Every-day Hero.

THE intersection of Gates Avenue and Broadway, Brooklyn, is one of the conspicuous danger-points in that trolley-ridden section of Greater New York. Two lines cross there, with cars at a minute headway, and the elevated railroad rumbles overhead. Streets and sidewalks are thronged at all hours of the day. It is no place for children, surely; and yet the little ones flock there during the busiest hours. No less than six large schools, three of them public institutions, are located in the immediate neighborhood. Hence, a juvenile exhibit that would stagger a Malthusian.

For the protection of these children special precautions are necessary, and a stalwart policeman is a fixture at the Broadway crossing. The policeman detailed for this special duty, up to a recent period, was William A. Fields, who is Officer No. 67, of the Fourteenth Precinct. The precinct station is on Ralph Avenue, a block or two away. To the average Brooklyn citizen Fields is a plain, every-day "cop"; but to the children and school-teachers he is Mr. Fields, the chivalrous giant, the strong and kindly protector, the brave man afraid of nothing on earth. This enviable popularity, it must be admitted, was fairly earned. Fields is a man of fifty, and has been twenty-seven years on the Brooklyn police force. He has a wife and seven children of his own in a little home on Weirfield Street. On duty at the crossing he was like a father to seven thousand or more, who, with their books and satchels and "shining morning faces," tripped not unwilling to school. He seemed to know most of them by name, and they were all his favorites. He carried them across the car-tracks, jumped them over puddles, held their books and umbrellas on rainy days, looked at their "good" and "bad" cards, answered their questions, and took a general as well as individual interest in their welfare. The school-ma'ams, also, had his protecting arm; and they say, though it is scarcely credible, that he made no distinction between the pretty ones and the plain ones. What is most to the purpose, anyway, Officer Fields's charges



CHILDREN IN FRONT OF SCHOOL.

Giant Hail-stones in Kansas.

On June 24th, in and about Topeka, Kansas, ice fell from the heavens in chunks almost as large as those left on New York City doorsteps by the syndicate barons' carts, or the *Herald's* free distribution. A violent storm, supposed at first to be a tornado, struck the town at 6:30 in the evening, and in a few minutes' time did extensive damage to property, besides injuring more or less severely a score of persons. The average size of the hail stones was about that of an orange, but some were larger, as shown in the accompanying photograph. The storm came up with a roar, the skies were darkened, and the temperature fell sixty degrees in half an hour's time. Before the stones appeared, the swish made by their rapid progress through air could be heard. Striking against the roofs, they made a sound not unlike the tearing up of shingles in long strips. Fortunately, the stones were too heavy to be turned by the wind, and they fell in nearly straight lines. Side windows in a majority of instances escaped damage.



FIELDS IN HOSPITAL.

at Broadway and Gates Avenue were so well looked after that there is no record of any of them having met with injury there. But it is recorded that Fields has saved the lives or limbs of over two hundred children. A citizen of that part of Brooklyn said, lately: "Policeman Fields has a wonderful record as a life-saver. Since he has been on duty at this corner not one person but himself has been injured. He has had bruises all over his body, from being knocked about by trucks and trolley-cars, while taking care of the children who have occasion to pass this crossing three or four times a day."

One day, about the middle of last month, just as the children were coming out of school for the noon recess, a runaway horse came tearing up Gates Avenue. Policeman Fields was in the middle of the street with a bevy of children. Turning these over to the care of the passers-by, he sprang in front of the runaway and succeeded in grasping the bit of the maddened horse. He was knocked off his feet by the shock, but "hung on" until the animal was checked, receiving meanwhile a severe trampling about the legs and body. He was unconscious when picked up, and the first words he spoke were: "Get me away from here, so the youngsters won't be frightened." He was removed to St. Mary's Hospital.

The report spread through the schools that "Mr. Fields was dying." Another policeman stood at the crossing. Every day in each of the six schools reports were made upon the condition of poor Fields, and many a prayer was offered for his recovery. Who shall say it was not the efficacy of these prayers that turned the balance of life and death? At any rate, the patient in the hospital did not die. When visited last week by the representative of *LESLIE'S WEEKLY*, who took the accompanying pictures, he was very weak and racked with pain; yet, considering the extent and character of his injuries, his progress was regarded as favorable.

Neither Policeman Fields nor his associates on the force seem to regard his bravery as anything out of the common. He merely "happened to get hurt" in doing his duty as he had done it a hundred times before, and as any of his brother officers might have done in his place. The life of a city policeman, while not necessarily an unhappy one, is full of excitement and peril. It develops the every-day hero, of which Fields is a splendid type.

This is a very different kind of duty than that some policemen assume, at the behest of reformers and in response to personal meddlesomeness, when they disregard all the civil and personal rights of citizens and arrest whomsoever they please, with or without semblance of justification. Be it said to the credit of the colleagues of Policeman Fields that the Brooklyn police have never in this kind of thing attempted to rival the Mulberry-street satraps on the Manhattan side of the river. Nor can it be said that there are not heroic men on the police force in New York City also. There are plenty of them, and when the occasion arises they do not count the danger; but the metropolis has long been pestered with busybodies—volunteers for the suppression of this and that—who urge the men to do deeds which would be barbarous and unjustifiable according to the code of a Siberian convict settlement. But such things only make the records of the simple every-day heroes, such as Fields, all the more honorable.


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BOKER'S BITTERS

A TONIC, A SPECIFIC AGAINST DYSPEPSIA, AN APPETIZER AND A DELICACY IN DRINKS.

For sale in quarts and pints by leading Grocers, Liquor Dealers and Druggists.

THE JUBILEE YEAR FOR THE MONARCHS

THE MONARCH CYCLE

THE MECHANICAL TRIUMPH OF THE VICTORIAN ERA



SEND FOR CATALOGUE.
Monarch Cycle Mfg. Co.
CHICAGO, NEW YORK, LONDON

OBSERVATION SLEEPING-CARS ON BALTIMORE AND OHIO.

COMMENCING Sunday, June 13th, the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad will place in service, between Baltimore and Chicago, Pullman Observation Sleeping-cars. The cars have a saloon parlor in the rear, furnished with easy arm-chairs, upholstered revolving chairs, and sofas. This will enable passengers to view with better advantage the scenic wonders that have made the Baltimore and Ohio famous.

PERSONALLY-CONDUCTED TOURS VIA PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.

THAT the public have come to recognize the fact that the best and most convenient method of pleasure travel is that prescribed by the Pennsylvania Railroad Company's personally-conducted tours, is evidenced by the increasing popularity of these tours. Under this system the exact rates are obtained for both transportation and hotel accommodation. An experienced tourist agent and chaperon accompany each tour to look after the comfort of the passenger.

The following tours have been arranged for the season of 1897:

To the north (including Watkins Glen, Niagara Falls, Thousand Islands, Montreal, Quebec, Au Sable Chasm, Lakes Champlain and George, Saratoga, and a daylight ride down through the Highlands of the Hudson), July 27th and August 17th. Rate, one hundred dollars for the round trip from New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, and Washington, covering all expenses of a two week's trip.

To Yellowstone Park on a special train of Pullman sleeping, compartment, and observation cars and dining car, allowing eight days in "Wonderland," September 2d. Rate, two hundred and thirty-five dollars from New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, and Washington; two hundred and thirty dollars from Pittsburgh.

Two ten-day tours to Gettysburg, Luray Caverns, Natural Bridge, Virginia Hot Springs, Richmond, and Washington, September 28th and October 12th. Rate, sixty-five dollars from New York, sixty-three dollars from Philadelphia. Apply 1106 Broadway, New York.

THERE'S all sorts of dyspepsia. Abbott's Angostura Bitters will cure your sort. See that you take only Abbott's—the original Angostura Bitters.

By an original and improved method of constructing the frame, the far-famed Sohmer Piano acquires extraordinary strength, and is enabled to sustain the enormous tensional strain of the strings.

WHEN you open wine see that it's GREAT WESTERN CHAMPAGNE—there's delight in every drop.

DR. SIEGFERT'S Angostura Bitters make health, rosy cheeks, and happiness.

Advice to Mothers: MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea.

Set of twelve Portfolios, sixteen full-page photos each thirteen and one half by eleven, one hundred and ninety-two pages in all; subject, "Beautiful Paris"; edition cost one hundred thousand dollars; given absolutely free, with beautiful case, by Dobbins Soap Manufacturing Company, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, to their customers. Write for particulars.

BALTIMORE AND OHIO SUMMER BOOK.

The Baltimore and Ohio Railroad has just issued a very handsome book for summer travel, describing the mountain resorts, springs, and baths located on and adjacent to its lines; also the various watering-places on the Atlantic coast. The routes for reaching them are set forth in a comprehensive and clear manner. The book is printed on fine paper, beautifully illustrated, and will prove of valuable assistance to parties contemplating a summer tour.

Copies can be had by applying to various Baltimore and Ohio agents, or by sending ten cents in stamps to cover postage to J. M. Schryver, General Passenger Agent, Baltimore, Maryland.

USE BROWN'S Camphorated Saponaceous DENTIFRICE for the TEETH. 25 cents a jar.

STILL BETTER.

The Delaware, Lackawanna and Western Railroad now run an elegant through day-coach (as well as sleeping-car), New York to Chicago, on their train No. 7, leaving New York at seven P. M. every day, thus insuring "No change of cars" to all passengers. It is the shortest route and has the lowest rates.

Apply to your nearest Delaware, Lackawanna and Western Railroad ticket-agent.

NEVER start on your summer outing, whether to seashore, mountains, or across the ocean, without a supply of Murray & Lannan's Florida Water. It is a sprightly and refreshing perfume, and when mingled with the water of the bath relieves lassitude, cools the smart of sunburn, and counteracts tan.

IN THE WHITE MOUNTAINS.

The White Mountains have for many a year been the summer pleasure grounds for hundreds of thousands of pleasure-seekers. The wooded valleys and the tall, majestic mountains forming in every way beautiful and inspiring panoramic pictures which are ever pleasing to the vision, while the cool and invigorating air, for which this region is noted, does not a little to recuperate and strengthen the worn-out city man.

At the well-appointed and finely-kept hotels and boarding-houses, which are to be found in every section of this vast mountain region, one may sojourn surrounded by the comforts found at the largest and best city hostelries.

The service by train from Boston and New York via the Boston and Maine Railroad is in every way complete, and at convenient hours expresses are run to all mountain points.

Via the Eastern or Seashore route, mountain trains leave Boston at 9:40 A. M. and 1:30 P. M., covering all points on the eastern side of the mountains, while over the southern division the 9:30 A. M. and 1:15 P. M. trains take in all the prominent resorts reached via the Merrimack Valley Route.

From Springfield express trains over the Connecticut River Line leave at 9:15 A. M., 12:37 and 8:00 o'clock P. M., and with each of which direct connection is made from the principal cities of Connecticut.

The passenger department of the Boston and Maine Railroad, Boston, issues several summer books, among them being "Among the Mountains." This book, which is sent to any address upon receipt of two-cent stamp, describes the White Mountains region in an interesting manner, and is fully illustrated; while the tour-book published by this company and sent free to applicants gives a complete list of excursion routes and rates over the Boston and Maine lines, and also includes a schedule of the leading hotels and boarding-houses of northern New England.

NOTICE. As a reliable guarantee that a Dress of Haute Couture is made from one of the Chief Parisian Dressmakers, and is the genuine creation of the current season, the Syndicate of the Parisian Dressmakers has taken the following decision: "The waist-band attached to such garment must bear the Official Stamp (fac-simile of which follows at side), stating the season and year in which it was produced."



PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION

CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS.
Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.

The more you use it the more you like it—It's purifying and beautifying—does away with paints, powders, and cosmetics, keeps skin healthy and gives the complexion a natural beauty.

CONSTANTINE'S PINE TAR SOAP
(Persian Healing)

Sold by druggists.

Crawford

\$50 Bicycles

RIGHT PRICE. RELIABLE QUALITY.

Are growing steadily in public favor as the public learns that \$50 is the right price for best bicycle quality. Agents wanted. Catalogues free.

THE CRAWFORD MFG. CO.,
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BARKER BRAND COLLARS

ARE THE BEST.

Wm BARKER, Manufacturer, TROY, N.Y.

LONDON (ENGLAND).
THE LANGHAM Portland Place. Unrivalled situation at top of Regent Street. A favorite hotel with Americans. Every modern improvement.

OPIUM HABIT DRUNKENNESS
Cured in 10 to 20 Days. No Pay till Cured. DR. J. L. STEPHENS, LEBANON, OHIO.

Between your fingers place a Dixon to make writing a delight.

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American Graphite
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Just hear dem bells. Bells ringing everywhere!

THEY HAVE A TON OF THEM ALL THEIR OWN.

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59 BEEKMAN ST., NEW YORK.

TALKING-MACHINE RECORD-COUPON

NAME, ADDRESS, STATE.

JURY NOTICE.

NOTICE OF COMMISSIONERS OF JURORS IN REGARD TO CLAIMS FOR EXEMPTION FROM JURY DUTY.

Room 123, Stewart Building, No. 280 Broadway, Third Floor, New York, June 12th, 1897.

Claims for exemption from jury duty will be heard by me daily at my office, from 9 A. M. until 4 P. M.

Those entitled to exemption are clergymen, lawyers, physicians, surgeons, surgeon-dentists, professors or teachers in a college, academy or public school; editors, editorial writers or reporters of daily newspapers; licensed pharmacists or pharmacists actually engaged in their respective professions and not following any other calling; militiamen, policemen and firemen; election officers; non-residents; and city employees and United States employees; officers of vessels making regular trips; licensed pilots actually following that calling; superintendents, conductors and engineers of a railroad company other than a street railroad company; telegraph operators actually doing duty as such; Grand, Special, Sheriff's and Civil Court jurors; and persons physically incapable of performing jury duty by reason of severe sickness, deafness or other physical disorder.

Those who have not answered as to their liability or proved permanent exemption will receive a "jury enrollment notice," requiring them to appear before me this year. Whether liable or not, such notices must be answered (in person, if possible), and at this office only, under severe penalties. If exempt, the party must bring proof of exemption; if liable, he must also answer in person, giving full and correct name, residence, etc., etc. No attention paid to letters.

All good citizens will aid the course of justice and secure reliable and respectable juries and equalize their duty by serving promptly when summoned, allowing their clerks or subordinates to serve, reporting to me any attempt at bribery or evasion, and suggesting names for enrollment. Persons between twenty-one and seventy years of age, summer absentees, persons temporarily ill and United States jurors are not exempt.

Every man must attend to his own notice. It is a misdemeanor to give any jury paper to another to answer. It is also punishable by fine or imprisonment to give or receive any present or bribe, directly or indirectly, in relation to a jury service, or to withhold any paper or make any false statement, and every case will be fully prosecuted.

WILLIAM PLIMLEY,
Commissioner of Jurors.

BETHEL MILITARY ACADEMY, VA.
Falls \$100,000, 56 miles from Washington in Northern Virginia. Prepares for advanced study and for business. Charges extremely low. Patronage from 22 States. Address for illustrated catalogue, R. A. MCINTYRE, near Warrenton, Va.

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THE CELEBRATED

SOHMER

Heads the list of the highest grade pianos. It is the favorite of the artists and the refined musical public.

SOHMER & CO.,
Piano Manufacturers,
149 to 155 East 14th St., N. Y.

GET RICH QUICKLY. Send for "300 Inventions Wanted," Edgar Tate & Co., 345 Broadway, N. Y.

9 Cliff St., New York, Sept. 15th, 1896.

We have purchased S. RAE & CO.'S FINEST **SUBLIME LUCCA OIL** at retail in the open market, and have submitted samples so obtained to careful chemical analysis.

We find the oil to be **PURE OLIVE OIL** unadulterated by admixture with any other oil or other substance. It is free from rancidity, and all other undesirable qualities, and it is of **SUPERIOR QUALITY AND FLAVOR.**

THE LEDOUX CHEMICAL LABORATORY,
A. R. Ledoux Pres't.

Est. 1836. S. RAE & CO., Leghorn, Italy.

TEA SET (56 Pieces) FREE

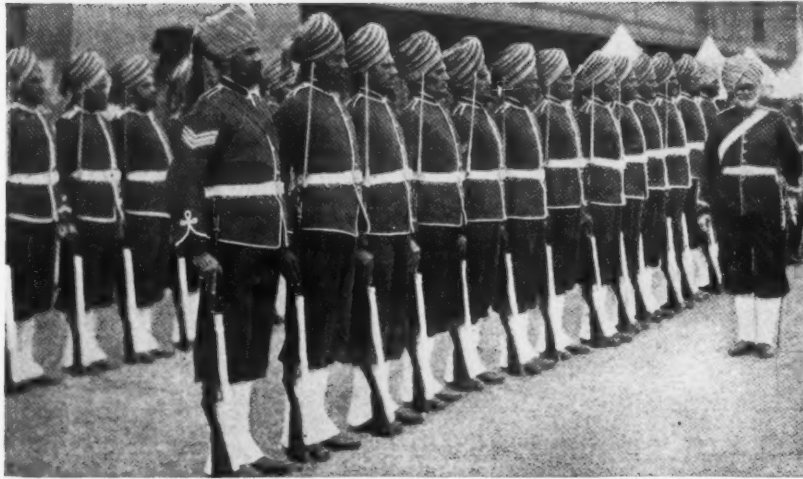
with \$10.00 orders of Teas, Coffees, Spices, etc. Great reduction in prices. Send for New Premium and price-list, etc.

THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA CO.,
31 and 33 Vesey St., New York, N. Y. P. O. Box 289.

Forty Cents and this Coupon will buy you one TALKING-MACHINE RECORD. Regular price Fifty Cents.

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SIKHS FROM THE STRAIT SETTLEMENTS.



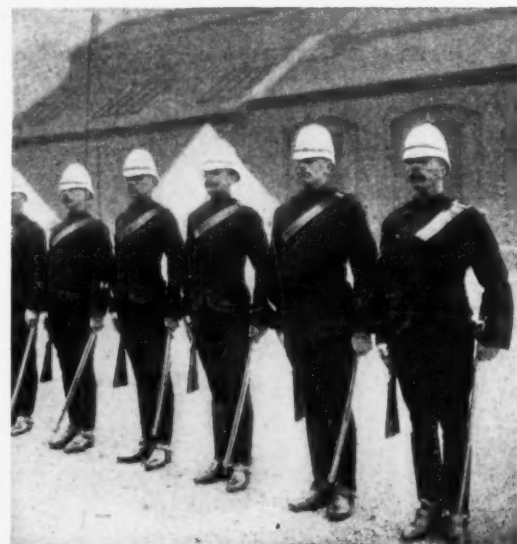
THE SIERRA LEONE BORDER FORCE.

THE QUEEN'S CARRIAGE PASSING THE PARLIAMENT BUILDING.—*Photograph by J. W. Taber.*

TORONTO HIGHLANDERS.



MOUNTED RIFLES FROM NEW SOUTH WALES.



MOUNTED RIFLES FROM SOUTH AFRICA.

THE QUEEN'S DIAMOND JUBILEE.

JUDGE'S PICTURE PUZZLES.

Here are ten pictures. Each one represents the name of a well-known STATE of the United States. We have \$250.00 to give away to the first ten and most successful of our readers who solve these ten illustrations and THIRTY (30) others, all of which are published in the weekly paper, JUDGE, Nos. 820, 821, 822 and 823.

\$250 IN PRIZES.

1st Prize, - \$100.00 | 3d Prize, - \$20.00 | 5th Prize, - \$10.00 | 7th Prize, - \$10.00 | 9th Prize, - \$10.00
2d Prize, - 50.00 | 4th Prize, - 20.00 | 6th Prize, - 10.00 | 8th Prize, - 10.00 | 10th Prize, - 10.00

A TOTAL OF \$250.00 TO BE DIVIDED AMONG TEN PEOPLE.



21



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READ THESE DIRECTIONS CAREFULLY.

Write the solution underneath each picture, cut out sheet (holding it until the fourth and last series of puzzles is published in JUDGE No. 823), and write your name and address plainly on the bottom thereof; then mail all four sheets pinned together in the upper left-hand corner to the "JUDGE PRIZE-PUZZLES DEPARTMENT, 110 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK," in time to reach this office not later than one week from date of JUDGE No. 823. All solutions arriving later will be disqualified.

In addition to the above: Every contestant who remits JUDGE 10c. will receive an extra copy of JUDGE, entitling the purchaser to a second opportunity to solve the puzzles of that issue. 4c. out of each 10c. will be placed to the credit of the person sending in the said amount of 10c., and the fund thus created will be devoted to the purchase of premiums which will be awarded to the one hundred most successful contestants; the value of these premiums depending entirely upon the number of subscriptions received. In order to participate in the awards of this special proposition, each contestant must buy from JUDGE the four numbers of JUDGE (viz., Nos. 820, 821, 822 and 823) containing the complete series of 40 pictures. If desired, these four issues can be remitted for by mail at one time, or 10c. sent each week for four weeks.

NOTICE.—This is an advertisement of the JUDGE Picture Puzzles, and by arrangement with the publisher of JUDGE the readers of LESLIE'S WEEKLY are entitled to compete for the prizes and send in their answers for the first three sets of Picture Puzzles; but to complete the competition, JUDGE No. 823 (July 24th, 1897) must be purchased and the answers sent in as above directed to JUDGE'S PRIZE-PUZZLES DEPARTMENT, 110 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY.

ED. PINAUD'S 37 BOULEVARD DE STRASBOURG.
PARIS
EAU DE QUININE
HAIR TONIC.
THIS REMARKABLE TOILET PREPARATION HAS NO EQUAL FOR BEAUTIFYING THE HAIR AND WILL, AFTER A FEW APPLICATIONS, GIVE THE SCALP NEW LIFE AND VIGOR.
THE BEST HAIR RESTORER.
A POSITIVE DANDRUFF CURE.
SHOULD BE ON THE DRESSING TABLE OF EVERY GENTLEMAN AND GENTLEWOMAN.



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It is a solid handsome cake of scouring soap which has no equal for all cleaning purposes except in the laundry. To use it is to value it...

What will SAPOLIO do? Why it will clean paint, make oil-cloths bright, and give the floors, tables and shelves a new appearance. It will take the grease off the dishes and off the pots and pans. You can scour the knives and forks with it, and make the tin things shine brightly. The wash-basin, the bath-tub, even the greasy kitchen sink will be as clean as a new pin if you use SAPOLIO. One cake will prove all we say. Be a clever housekeeper and try it.

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS. THERE IS BUT ONE SAPOLIO.
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SICK HEADACHE! ALWAYS TRACE IT TO THE LAZY LIVER.

Poisonous matter, instead of being thrown out, is reabsorbed into the blood. When this poison reaches the delicate brain tissue, it causes congestion and that awful, dull, throbbing, sickening pain.

Cascarets REMOVE THE CAUSE BY CCC
STIMULATING THE LIVER,

Making the poison move on and out, and purifying the blood. The effect is ALMOST INSTANTANEOUS.

LADIES whose sensitive organism is especially prone to sick headaches, DO NOT SUFFER, for you can, by the use of CASCARETS, be Relieved Like Magic.

ALL DRUGGISTS. 10c., 25c., 50c.

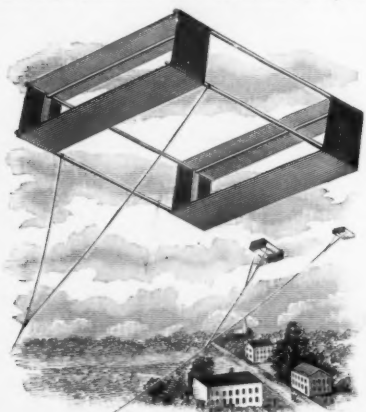
EVERARD'S TURKISH, RUSSIAN AND ELECTRIC BATHS. Permanent and Transient Rooms. Moderate Prices. 24 to 30 West 28th Street, NEW YORK CITY.



IT MADE THE MACHINE TIRED.

THE FAT ONE—"That doctor of mine didn't know what he was talking about when he told me to ride a wheel."

The Latest Craze. HORSMAN'S SCIENTIFIC



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"BLUE HILL BOX KITE,"
AN AIRSHIP COMPLETE.

Scientific Kite Flying has attracted the attention of the world. The Blue Hill Box Kite is the first kite used by scientists to be offered for general sale. This marvel of scientific perfection is used at the famous Blue Hill weather station for sending up instruments in making observations, taking photographs, etc. Kites of this type have attained the wonderful height of 9,200 feet, nearly two miles. Anybody can fly the Blue Hill Box Kite. It goes up straight from the hand like a bird. By express, prepaid, on receipt of \$1.50. Send stamp for circular to Kite Dept. F.

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of the figure, unhampered by waist bands and the tight connections of two-piece garments—that's the freedom there is in

Ypsilanti Health Underwear

It's a single piece that perfectly fits the figure. The proper elasticity prevents pinching or bulging. It has patented features that no other underwear possesses.

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70,000 sold in 1896. The Popular Wheel at the Standard Price and no better wheel at any price. The unprecedented demand for Crescents is the result of selling an Honestly made wheel at an Honest price. . . .

Agents Everywhere. Catalogue Free. WESTERN WHEEL WORKS.

Factory: Chicago. Eastern Branch: New York.

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Weekly sales pay big money.
We make a high grade BICYCLE as low as \$24.00.
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CIGARETTES
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HIGHEST IN PRICE.
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Trial Package in Pouch by mail for 25c.

H. ELLIS & CO., Baltimore, Md.
THE AMERICAN TOBACCO CO., Successor



Pat. Apr. 20, 1897.

735 Market St., San Francisco; 115 Lake St., Chicago.

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ON

Columbia Bicycles

The Standard of the World.

1897 COLUMBIAS	REDUCED TO	\$75
The best bicycles made,		
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Second only to 1897 Models,		
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Equal to most bicycles,		
HARTFORDS	REDUCED TO	45
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HARTFORDS	REDUCED TO	40
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HARTFORDS	REDUCED TO	30
Patterns 5 and 6,		

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LINEN COLLARS & CUFFS
BEST IN THE WORLD.



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for a pain in the small of the back—in fact, anywhere. It works like magic, *but*, be sure you get "Allcock's."

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FINEST TRAIN
CHICAGO GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY
"Maple Leaf Route"
BETWEEN
CHICAGO ST. PAUL AND MINNEAPOLIS
F. H. LORD, GENERAL PASSENGER AND TICKET AGENT, CHICAGO.
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ADIRONDACK MOUNTAINS

Called in Old Times

"THE GREAT NORTH WOODS."

A marvelous wilderness, abounding in beautiful lakes, rivers and brooks, filled with the greatest variety of fish.

An immense extent of primeval forest, where game of all kinds is to be found.

This wonderful region—located in Northern New York—is reached from Chicago by all lines in connection with the New York Central; from St. Louis by all lines in connection with the New York Central; from Cincinnati by all lines in connection with the New York Central; from Montreal by the New York Central; from Boston by a through car over the Boston & Albany, in connection with the New York Central; from New York by the through car lines of the New York Central; from Buffalo and Niagara Falls by the New York Central.

A 32-page folder and map entitled "The Adirondack Mountains and How to Reach Them" sent free, postpaid, to any address, on receipt of a 1 cent stamp, by George H. Daniels, General Passenger Agent, New York Central & Hudson River Railroad, Grand Central Station, New York.